

SEE MR. CLARK HOWELL'S ARTICLE: "THE EXIT OF THE RED DEVIL; A DEFENSE OF THE SOUTH."  
SEE NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE FOR MRS. MARY E. LEASE'S SECOND ARTICLE, ENTITLED "WOMAN  
AS A POLITICIAN."

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

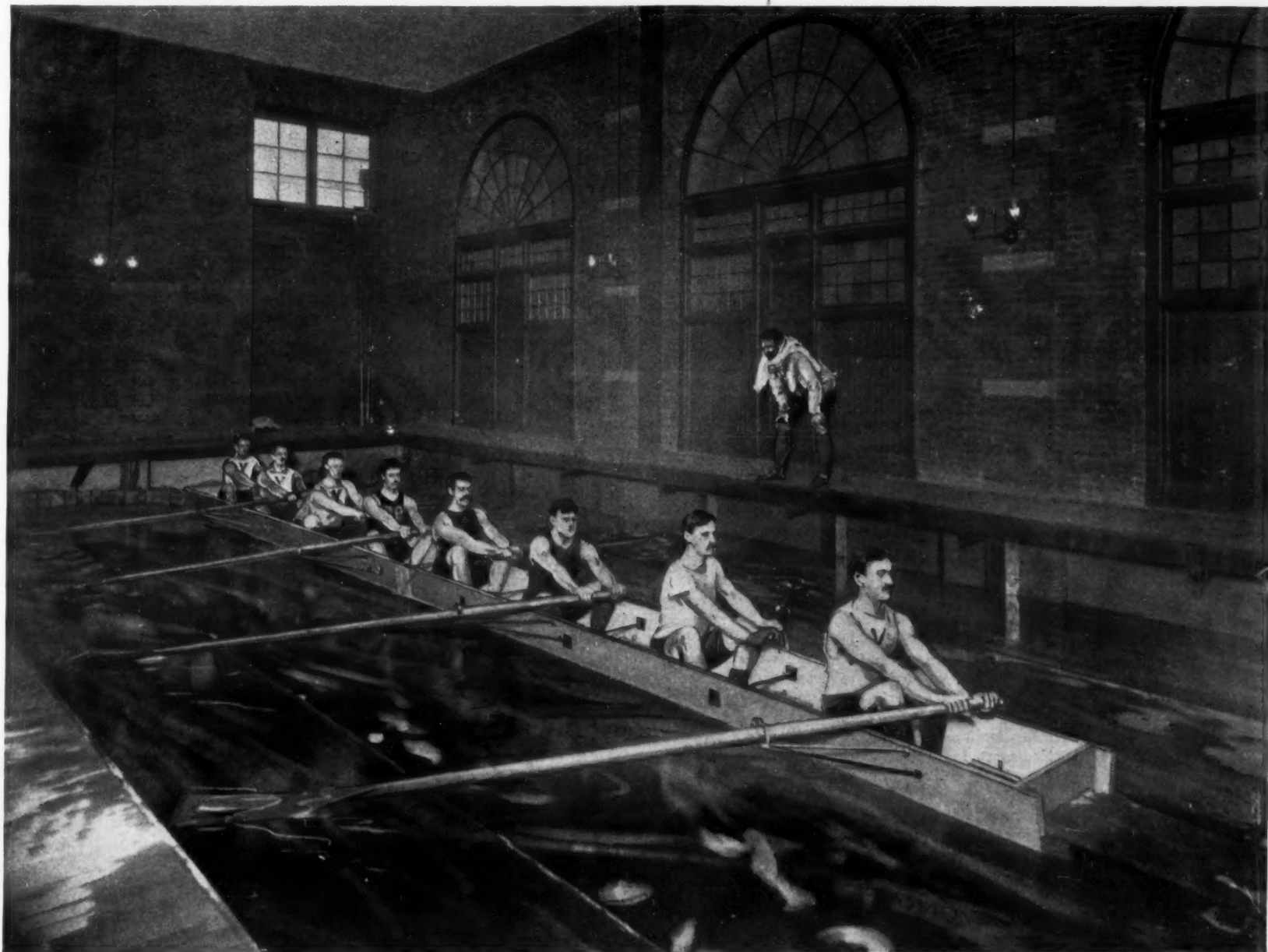
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OUT FOR A PRACTICE SPIN.



COACHING THE CREW IN THE TANK.

THE YALE CREW PREPARING FOR THE GREAT ANNUAL YALE-HARVARD BOAT-RACE AT NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.—BY COURTESY OF  
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## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

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## THE EXIT OF THE RED DEVIL.

## A DEFENSE OF THE SOUTH.



CLARK HOWELL.

It has not been many years since the Red Devil of Southern abuse was quite a conspicuous character in this country.

Until a few years ago it might be said that he was the prevailing fad, and there was no lack of homage to him in the ranks of the party which has been in virtual control of the government

since the beginning of the war—for the Democratic intermission of four years was powerless to undo, though it served a healthy purpose as a check to the plunder of Republican rapacity.

After floating for so long on the topmost wave of Republican fashion, and having served every purpose for which the Red Devil had been summoned, it is but natural that his exit should have been labored, and that the transformation is not yet in a state of completion, though nearly so.

The rancor of such hostility to the South as is occasionally manifested by malcontents who thrive only on strife is tolerated for no other reason than because it was once fashionable. It is like the crinoline craze, with which the world was once mad, and society tolerates to-day the talk of its return simply because it is an old subject, as full of interest as it is empty of substance.

The pathos of humor is excellently illustrated in the antics of the professional few who are now engaged in the lamentable work of arraying section against section. This, long since, became a matter of only professional interest, but even the professionals have recognized the impotence of the undertaking, and their ranks have so steadily decimated that the stir-stick of their caldron has been left in the hands of a select assemblage of croakers, with an occasional witch or two for variety.

In conversation a few days ago with a well-known lecturer whose ability is known alike at the North as at the South, I asked him if there was any difference in the manner in which his addresses were received in the North and South.

"Generally speaking, no," said he; "but I have been amazed at the difference shown in the enthusiasm evoked by the mention of Lincoln's name. Southern audiences invariably greet my remarks about him with more applause than Northern, and I have never seen a Southern audience fail to respond to a tribute to his greatness."

This tallies with my observation that Southern loyalty is as marked, Southern devotion to the Union as earnest, and Southern faith in the glorious destiny of our country as implicit, as was ever the patriotic inspiration of any other section of the country.

It is an easy matter for the pot-boilers to make a general charge of atrocity against the South, but it is just as easy to make a sweeping denial, and, without going into details, it is impossible to make out a case, and the public must look upon the revilers as nothing more than common scolds.

"But they throw eggs in the South," it is charged, with the vindictive satisfaction of a martyrdom of this kind.

How silly! Admitting for the sake of argument that somebody, with no more sense, did throw an egg at somebody else, in the South, has not the same thing been done in the North and in the West a thousand times, and is the North or the West any the worse for it? If an idiot in Rochester assails in this manner a visiting orator with whom he disagrees, am I to think any less of the people of Rochester—particularly after they manifest indignant protest at such inhospitality? Because Booth and Guiteau were assassins of two of our Presidents, are foreigners to hold all the people of the republic accountable and condemn us as a nation of assassins and cut-throats?

That poor little Macon egg! It has taken its place in history and now rests in blessed eternity as the twin companion of the only other egg that has achieved wider fame—the egg of Columbus. Let it rest in peace.

It is a misfortune of the South that it has had to bear the brunt of attack in the formation of most new parties. It has withstood for years the assaults of most of the "isms" which have come to the surface in the country.

Slavery, secession, and Democracy have been the three unpardonable sins which have aroused the savage animosity

of the Red Devil of hate, and we, our children, and our children's children are to be blasted forever by the heritage which our fathers bought from Massachusetts slave-traders and gave up at Appomattox.

The South was a South of slavery—yes; but the North was once the North of slavery. And when, one after another, beginning with Vermont and ending with New Jersey, the Northern States prohibited slavery, the result was not the freedom of the slaves, but *their sale to the slave States of the South*, where, from climatic reasons, the industry profited, while it had become a burden at the North.

It was under Democratic administration that slavery was prohibited in the great northwest territory, and under it that more slaves were manumitted, to 1860, than were brought to this country from Africa in the entire slave-trade to that time. In this period, when it was said the South dominated the government, more slave States became free States than remained slave States. Madison, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, and a host of other Southern leaders—not to speak of Washington—protested against the recognition of the right to hold slaves, and not until the South found itself, by circumstances, a slave-holding section was the traffic condoned. The South was not responsible for slavery, but for its perpetuation, and its sin in this respect is simply one of degree, for it continued the business but a little longer than the North, which sold out to it. If slavery was a crime, the North must share the burden, and if it entails blame on the South, the North must bear its part.

"But the South seceded from the Union," the Red Devil has been saying for years. Suppose it did! There is a new generation on deck now which had nothing to do with that business, and while they have no apology to make for the record of the past, they accept the result as a matter of history; and, so far as they are concerned, the temper of their loyalty was hardened by the fire of war when they were but children. The old generation and the new, and those to come, are, and will be, better lovers of the Union because of the war, because it settled some questions which are best out of the way. The conflict between the sections over these questions did not commence in 1860; it culminated then, and as true people the South accepted in good faith the result.

As the North must assume its just part of the sin of slavery and not hold the South alone in guilt—if the guilt of sin is chargeable—so must the North remember that, fifty years before a Southern State seceded, the whole of New England met in Hartford in convention to discuss the question of coercing the Union or leaving it. New England was the mother of the secession movement. Like the South's offense of slavery being simply one degree greater than that of the North, so was the secession of the South just a step further than that of New England when it met at Hartford in 1814. The right of peaceable withdrawal was then held, but not practiced, because it would have been unwise and impolitic. The South was not as conservative, but if one was rebellion in fact, the other was in theory. New England protested against the war of 1812, which was injuring its commerce on land and sea, notwithstanding English aggression and its forcible search of American vessels and seizure and impression of American sailors for English service. New England's pocket-book was touched, just as the South's was when it fought over slavery, and while New England did not secede, it came so near doing so that the Hartford convention blighted the political future of its leaders and condemned to destruction the Federal party, which never survived it.

For ten years New England was abused, just as the South has been, and as nobody questions its loyalty now, neither should that of the South be doubted, for, whatever may have been the rights of the States to secede when New England talked about it, and the South did it, the war eliminated this as a question for decision.

And both New England and the South are glad of it, and neither is the worse or the less loyal for what it did before the principle was settled.

Of the carpet-bag régime, in which the South was infested with a plague like that of the locusts of Egypt, and of the consequences growing out of that environment, the history would make a book. It is comparatively so recent that the reading public are familiar with its most startling features, and know of the heroism and fortitude displayed by the South amid this, the most trying period of its existence, the war not excepted. The bravery of Southern soldiers during the war was not to be compared with the heroism of Southern veterans in the days of reconstruction; for while one was inspired by the glamour of war, and the other disheartened by the dreadful reality of poverty and defeat, yet in the latter, triumph followed the defeat which was the part of the former.

Since the trials of the Crusaders in their efforts to rescue the Holy Sepulchre, no hardships have exceeded those of the people of the South in the few years following the war. But this also belongs to history, and this is not the place to discuss it, further than to say that the crystallization of the Southern States into a solid Democratic phalanx followed the conditions existing as naturally as daylight follows darkness.

And now, what does the Union owe to the South, to secession, to slavery?

Restoration from a partisan bondage worse than that of

slavery, in that it robbed under the guise of honesty, and mocked the people into a rebellion which has restored the government to their keeping.

Slavery brought on secession, secession war, war reconstruction, reconstruction Southern Democratic solidity, and the latter made possible a Democratic President, Senate, and House of Representatives. As bad as slavery was, it was destined to work out its problem and forever seal the bond of national fraternity.

The South would not have slavery restored if it could, nor would it now admit the right of a single State to mar the eternal harmony of the Union by seceding. To discover these things cost the South a dear experience, but it was for the best. The South found that the stories afloat about Yankees not knowing how to shoot were hoaxes, and that climate had nothing to do with courage; the North ascertained that slavery in the South had kept latent a power of industrial development which demonstrated itself with remarkable results as soon as the people were thrown on their own resources. It was soon seen that the South was ineffably better off without slaves than with them.

Since the war the South has been derelict in no public duty, and as to the wholesale charges of election corruption and intimidation of the negroes, there is no more foundation for malevolence than for Georgia to asperse the entire North as a section of traitors and renegades because election frauds are frequently exposed in those States.

For every fraud in South Carolina there is an offset in New Jersey or Ohio; for every charge of suppression of the will of the people in the South there is a cold and solemn Connecticut concomitant—worse than the record of the whole South shows,—that of a Republican Governor, who was not even voted for, usurping the functions of the chief magistracy of the State of Connecticut in the face of a Democratic plurality. Let the Red Devil match that in the South if he can! Or let him, in reviling the South, find, in running the gamut of his bitterness, any more serious charge of corruption in elections than that with which the magazines of the country have been teeming of late, in their treatment and exposure of frauds at the ballot-box in Connecticut, Rhode Island, and other New England States. It has been openly charged by Northern men who have studied the situation carefully, that the purchase of votes is conducted with more flagrant openness in Connecticut than in any other State in the Union, and that a larger per cent. of the voting population of that State regularly barter their votes than in any other State in the Union. These charges have been ventilated and condemned very recently in the magazines, and have evoked the criticism of the press of the whole country. Far be it from my purpose to make such a serious reflection, and I mention the matter not as emanating from the South, but as offsetting the broad charge of Southern venality in elections by a counter-charge against Northern States, published in Northern magazines, criticised by Northern papers, and condemned by the better sentiment of all States.

But at both North and South the bad is the exception, and the sovereignty of the people is supreme. Of course a fraud may be detected in Tennessee to-day, just as it may be discovered in Pennsylvania to-morrow. But does this knowledge demonstrate that the whole election system of Tennessee is rotten, any more than it reasons likewise for Pennsylvania? I have been "in and about" a good many elections in the South, and I have never seen a negro intimidated nor a fraud practiced on one at the ballot-box. No doubt there are, as in the North, instances of corruption in the South, but to cite them as covering the whole case is to attack the indistinguishable spots on the sun for dimming the lustre of its light.

The day of the Red Devil of Southern hate is over, and his exit has been made. What we get now are only the trimmings and drippings of his former glory. From his retirement—enforced—he is watching, like a hidden snake, for spots of election inconsistencies in the South, to magnify, and with which to charge that they dim the sun of Southern fairness.

His labors will be in vain, because the people understand the animus of his work. The Red Devil is a thing of the past!

What better assurance is there of the truth of this assertion than the fact that many of those who once really believed anything bad said against the South are now among the first to discredit the infamous harpings, and to discountenance the unholy work of the sectional agitator? When we look back through the veil of prejudice naturally created by the war, it is not surprising that conditions mitigated the injustice of a great many of the harsh things said against the South. Nor is it to be wondered at that amid the peculiar surroundings of the situation many people believed the truth of every assault of those who, for political motives, were bent on damning the South. It is exceedingly significant, however, that from among those who then were believers, are now to be found some of the most vigorous opponents of the policy of sectional hate and the infamy of sectional abuse.

A chronic and professional enemy of the South is now an exception, and a very rare exception. Thank God, this peculiar generation of vipers is so rapidly becoming



extinct that their days are numbered and their work of destruction is already over.

They thrive now simply because of the curiosity evoked by their peculiar brand of bitterness, and in the course of a few years their harmless notes will be listened to with the gratifying satisfaction experienced by the juvenile American who is brought face to face to-day with one of the few surviving relics of all that is left of the once great tribe of American buffalo, and the art of the taxidermist may yet be required to stuff, for preservation, some of the few remnants of this historic species of American vampire, which has thrived for thirty years on the blood of the nation, and which has literally sucked itself to death.

*Clark Howell*

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, March 22d, 1893.

#### A COAL-COMBINE STRUGGLE.



THE coal monopolists of Minnesota, who have for a long time preyed upon the consumers of the State, have come to grief. So intolerable had the oppression and extortion of the trust become, and so vehement and universal was

the popular outcry against it, that the Legislature determined to assert its authority for the protection of the public and the overthrow of their oppressors. To this end a joint committee was appointed to investigate "the unlawful and conspiratorial combination," and this committee, under its power to send for persons and papers, promptly seized the books of the trust. The latter appealed to the courts for relief, and an order was issued commanding the surrender of the books. It was found impossible, however, to enforce this order, and moreover, the court, warned by indignant popular protests, felt compelled to release a member of the Legislature whom it had taken into custody. Thus the victory, passing over all minor incidents of the contest, remains with the Legislature, and the investigation will be prosecuted vigorously to a conclusion. It is said that the books in its possession furnish abundant and conclusive evidence as to the methods by which retailers have been compelled to charge the extortionate rates fixed by the trust, and also as to the artifices which have been employed to prevent competition in bids for supplying coal to the State and municipal institutions; and it is expected that as a result of these disclosures legislation will be enacted which will not only put an end to the odious monopoly, but expose persons who may attempt at any time to organize similar combinations to penalties of the most rigorous character. Criminal conspiracy suits are also to be brought in the United States District Court, and perjury suits in the courts of Minnesota. The Legislature has, besides, adopted resolutions calling upon the Governor of each State and Territory to appoint a commission of ten persons, who shall meet in St. Paul in June next, to take such action as may be necessary to mould future coal-combine legislation.

The struggle in the Legislature has been watched with intense interest by the people of the State. Public meetings have expressed unqualified and practically unanimous approval of the steps taken to crush what, at one of them, was declared to be "a monster combine whose fangs, to the extent of two dollars on every ton of coal, have entered every home in the State," and it is certain that no legislator who arrays himself on the side of the "thieves and marauders" will ever again be heard of in the politics of Minnesota. The incident is not without its suggestions. It illustrates the growing restlessness of the masses under those forms of capitalistic combination which seek to enrich themselves by controlling, by unnatural methods, the prices and use of the necessities of life, and the struggle will not be in vain if the lesson it teaches is duly heeded by tyrannical "combines" of whatever sort.

#### AN UNFOUNDED CHARGE.



IT is alleged in some quarters that Messrs. E. Ellery Anderson, Charles S. Fairchild, and their associate anti-snappers are sorely displeased with Mr. Cleveland because of his failure to obey their behests in the disposition of the public patronage. Claiming that it was their organized

and resolute opposition to the Hill machine which made his nomination and election possible, they are said to be filled with amazement and indignation that he should now ignore them with contemptuous disdain.

But there must be some mistake in these statements as

to the attitude of Mr. Anderson and the rest. They certainly cannot regard themselves as enemies of the President. On the other hand, they seem devoured with anxiety to serve him. If there is any question which may be supposed to bother and perplex the Presidential mind, it is that of the tariff. This subject bristles with difficulties. Under the most favorable conditions the formulation of a system of tariff revision would be likely to involve a great deal of labor and consume a good deal of valuable time. For this reason, as was generally understood, Mr. Carlisle, who was accused of knowing something of the subject, was given a place in the Cabinet to the end that the President might be as far as possible relieved of all labor and responsibility in the preparation of a tariff bill. If Mr. Cleveland's foresight had been as good as his hindsight, he would have realized that this precaution was altogether unnecessary. Mr. Carlisle's services are not at all needed. Mr. E. Ellery Anderson, with that patriotic alertness which has won for him wide reputation, comes forward just in the nick of time with a draft of a tariff bill which is expected to meet every demand, and so opportunely relieves all parties concerned of solicitude as to the future.

The bill in question is of course a "reform" measure in every particular. It is claimed to be in exact harmony with the platform adopted at Chicago. It is constructed entirely on a revenue basis. And yet we are told that it "will not reduce rates merely for the purpose of avoiding some incidental protection to domestic producers." Mr. Anderson does not tell us how this is to be reconciled with the declaration of the national platform that all protection is "unconstitutional." But no doubt he has an explanation as to the discrepancy right at hand. A man who can frame a tariff bill covering a vast variety and complexity of subjects, at one or two sittings, must be equal to any other feat which may be required of him. Our confidence in human nature is strengthened, and the fallacy of the pessimistic pretense that the intellectual forces are decaying is strikingly exposed, by this timely illustration of the superiority of even the anti-snapper brain both to the limitations of logic and the laws of common sense.

No; it cannot be that the self-sacrificing patriots of the reform club and the anti-snapper brigade are out of relations with Mr. Cleveland. They are his friends. They are eager to remove difficulties from his path. They yearn for opportunities to ease him of his burdens. If he wishes it they will assume cheerfully the entire responsibility of running his administration. It is the simplest justice that all statements to the contrary should at once and forever cease.

#### TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

An effort is making in England to apply the principle of local self-government to the management of parish affairs. A bill to this end, recently introduced in the House of Commons, proposes to establish in all rural parishes having a population of three hundred and upward, elective councils which shall exercise all the existing powers of the vestries except as to church affairs and charities. Generally speaking, the authority of these councils will correspond to that of supervisors or town committee-men under our system, and the election will be the same as with us, except that women as well as men may vote. It is not yet clear that the measure will become a law, but its introduction affords another evidence of the growth of the democratic sentiment among the masses of Great Britain and the readiness of the Liberal leaders to recognize its demands.

THERE seems to be some ground for confidence that the uprising of the better class of citizens of New Jersey against the race-track legislation recently enacted at Trenton will be followed by practical results. Citizens' leagues are being formed in all the counties for the purpose of keeping alive the popular interest and securing the nomination, in the next campaign, of men thoroughly in sympathy with the demand for the repeal of the obnoxious laws; and while the power of the race-track gamblers is admittedly great, owing to their hold upon the Democratic machine, it will be strange indeed if this organized movement does not result in a triumph for decency and good morals. It is certain that comparatively few, if any, of the men who voted to legalize gambling and in favor of the repeal of the law prohibiting Sunday liquor-selling, can be re-elected to the places which they defiled at the last legislative session.

THE People's party in Georgia is going out of business. Its leaders have come to the conclusion that "there is room for only two great political parties," and that as the Alliance can never be one of these it is better that it should permit itself to be absorbed by the Democracy and so finally blotted out. In North Carolina, on the contrary, the Populists seem disposed to retain their organization, but propose, for present purposes, to combine with the Republicans in support of nominations made without regard to past political affiliations. If such a fusion could be effected and honestly carried out it would no doubt give

the Democracy a good deal of trouble, and in some localities would quite certainly reverse the existing order of things; but we fail to see how such a combination can be justified on the ground of principle. There is nothing at all in common between Republican doctrines and the mischievous theories of the Populists, and no permanent advantage can result from any union which has as its highest motive the acquisition and enjoyment of the spoils of office.

THERE is apparently a determination on the part of some of the leading members of Congress to make a thorough investigation of the pension rolls, with a view of purging them of the names which have been placed there fraudulently. This movement seems to have the encouragement of some of the leading veterans of the Union army, like General Slocum, and, if it shall be honestly conducted, will no doubt result in the correction of abuses which prejudice the whole pension system in the eyes of the public. Senator Palmer, in discussing the subject of reform, expresses the opinion that pensions, as a rule, are not excessive in regard to amount, and that no diminution of the pay of meritorious claimants will be attempted. There are, however, he insists, abuses which even the veterans themselves desire to see cut up by the roots. It will be remembered that this subject received some investigation at the hands of the recent Congress, but the inquiry does not seem to have been thorough or satisfactory. The work of reform must be undertaken in a non-partisan spirit and with intelligent and thoughtful regard to the interests of those who are actually entitled to pensions, and if thus conducted it will command the approval of the country.

#### PHOTOGRAPH OF BABY RUTH.

THERE was such a demand for the issue of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY which contained the handsome picture of Mrs. Cleveland and Baby Ruth that the edition was exhausted within a few days of the day of publication. The publishers, in response to requests from all over the country for the picture, have had photographs made from the original sketch by the well-known photographers, Pach Brothers, of New York. These photographs are cabinet size, and are exceedingly good portraits of little Miss Cleveland and her popular mother. They will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of 25 CENTS EACH.

The money received from the sale of these photographs will be donated by FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY to some children's charitable institution in New York City, and such donation might most appropriately be considered in the light of a contribution by her many friends in honor of the "little mistress of the White House."

No photographs of this picture not bearing the imprint of Pach Bros., or the words "Copyrighted by FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY," are genuine. Address all orders to the publishers.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY,  
110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

#### LITERARY CONTEST NO. 2.

##### ANOTHER MISSING-WORD COMPETITION.

FOR the benefit of those unfamiliar with these competitions, we repeat to some extent the wording of our first announcement. These word competitions have been the rage in England, and have in some instances been participated in by over 200,000 persons, each person contributing a shilling entrance-fee, and the total amount of the entrance-fees of the 200,000 or more participants being divided equally among those who supplied the missing word. In such cases some one hundred or more successful "word suppliers" received nearly \$500 each.

Here are the terms of the present contest: Each person who wishes to try to supply the missing word in the paragraph that will presently follow must cut out the "Missing-Word Coupon" on this page of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, and with name and address and the missing word plainly written in the proper blank spaces, send the same to this office, together with twenty-five cents in postage-stamps or currency. The total of the entrance-fees will be divided equally among those who correctly supply the missing word. This coupon will be printed in the paper each week until the close of the contest. The contest closes at noon May 1st, and no coupons can be received after that date and hour.

This is the paragraph, which is a quotation from a well-known American author, whose works are to be found in every public, and almost every private, library:

"He has ——— the beard of the King of Spain."

Competitors may make as many attempts as they choose, but each attempt must be made on a coupon taken from this paper and accompanied by the entrance-fee of twenty-five cents. But one correct answer can be credited to the same name.

In addition to their pro-rata share of the total amount of money received, the LESLIE will give the three persons first sending in the correct word \$25, \$15, and \$10 respectively—the first receiving \$25, the second \$15, and the third \$10. To each of the first one hundred persons sending in coupons (whether successful or not), it will give the LESLIE photograph of "Mrs. Cleveland and Baby Ruth."

#### THE MISSING-WORD COUPON.

Entrance-fee to the contest, twenty-five cents in currency or stamps. Cut this coupon out, fill up the blanks, and with the entrance-fee post it to the Arkell Weekly Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Name.....

Street.....

Post Office.....

Missing word.....

April 6th, 1893.

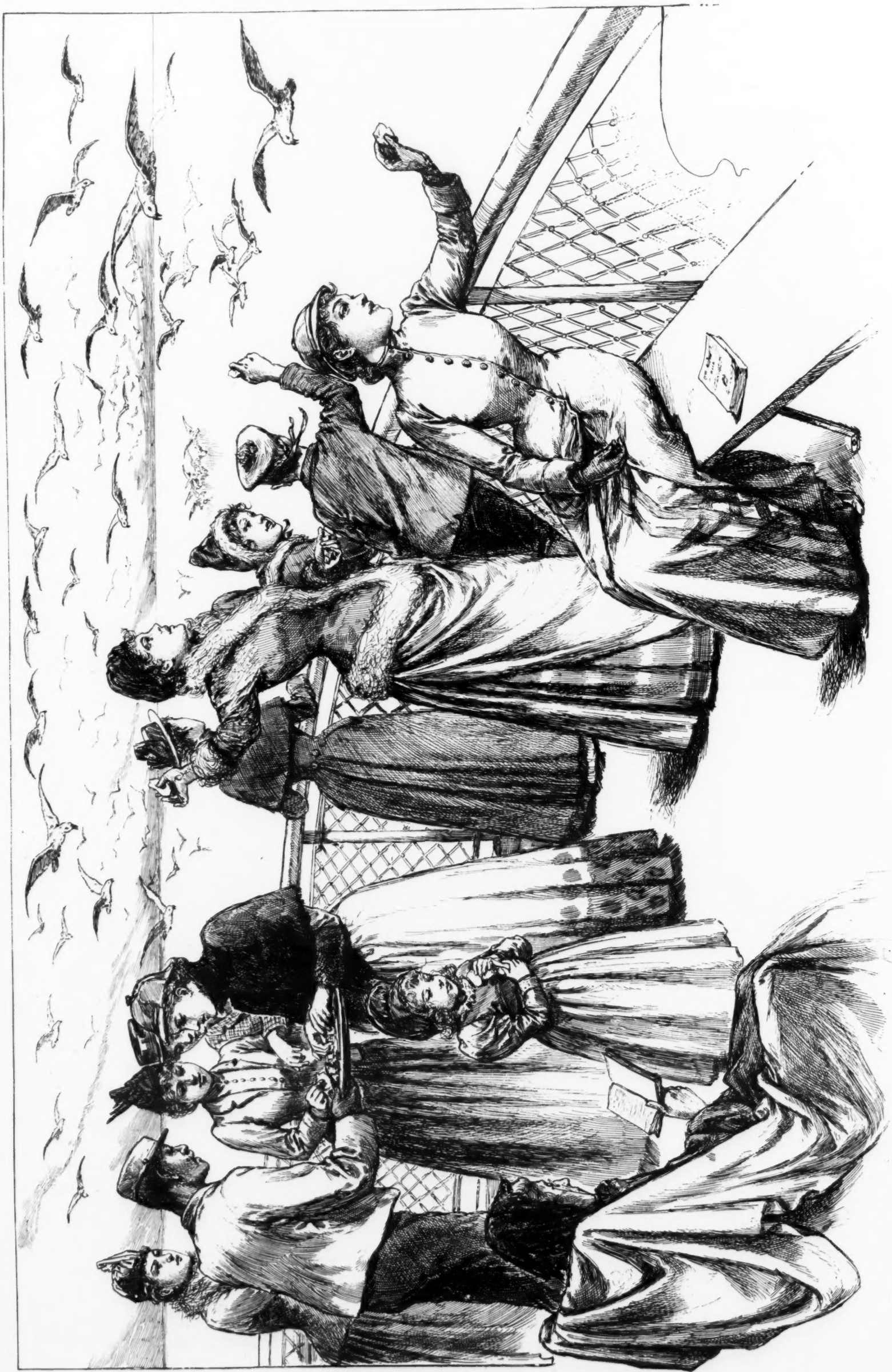
In order that there may be no doubt as to the legality of these contests we append the following official letter, received by the publishers of the LESLIE:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., December 23d, 1892.

"DEAR SIR:—General Tyner is absent in New York; hence, I acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 21st instant.

"The modified advertisement of your 'Missing-word Contest' seems to comply in every particular with the suggestions made by the assistant attorney-general in his letter of the 20th instant. The scheme as it now stands does not in any wise conflict with the provisions of the lottery law. Very respectfully, R. W. HAYNES, Acting Assistant Attorney-General."





A FAVORITE DIVERSION OF OCEAN VOYAGERS—FEEDING GULLS FROM THE DECK OF A SAVANNAH STEAMER.—DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 219.]







# THE HEIRESS.

By M. A. WORSWICK.

THIS is the romance of a middle-aged man—the romance of an old head and a young heart. I am gray-haired and forty, and yet as I sit at my desk in the gloomy little office of Harman's mill, a face comes between my eyes and the columns of figures in the dusty ledgers—a young face with clear, bright eyes—and I fall into a day dream and forget that I am old and poor and commonplace.

She is the only child of Jere Harman, the millionaire mill owner, and as gentle and good as she is beautiful.

I have watched her grow into womanhood. I have watched her character deepening and widening and developing toward the ideal of my dreams.

And all these years I have been learning to love her.

Surely love is not wholly wasted though it is hopeless. I am a better man that I have loved Nellie Harman.

No. I build no air-castles.

I am forty and she eighteen.

I am only her father's book-keeper and she is the heiress of millions.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a time when little Nellie Harman rode on my shoulder, hunted my pockets for goodies, and escaped her nurse's charge several times a day to toddle down to the mill in search of "her Jack Spencer." Later she brought her school tasks, the incorrigible Latin verbs and the unconquerable examples in fractions, to the same old friend, who was never too busy to be bothered by little Nellie Harman.

She is as unaffected and cordial in her friendliness as ever, and sometimes when she lays her hand on my arm and looks up into my face and asks why I come so seldom to the Hall, and have I grown tired of old friends, of her—then I find it hard to answer lightly, to smile calmly, and I go away with a headache.

The girl does not lack for friends. Grim, stern old Jere Harman's little bright-faced child, motherless since her babyhood, long ago found a tender spot in the hearts of the village folk. In the cottages her face is as welcome as sunshine. The children hang on her gown, the women sing her praises, and the roughest mill hand has always a civil word for her, and a lift of the cap as she passes.

She has her young friends, too, among the country gentlefolk. Young Harry Desmond is often at the Hall. It is rumored that he is the fortunate suitor of Jere Harman's heiress. He is a fresh-faced, good-hearted lad. Love is for youth, and they are young together.

Gray-haired Jack Spencer, what have you to do with "love's young dream"?

\* \* \* \* \*

The strike!

The mill is shut down and the strikers gather in knots along the village street and discuss the situation. The cut-rates have caused the trouble. Jere Harman is a hard man and a hard master. He holds the fate of these people in his hands. A few cents less to them, a few dollars more to him. This seemed to him to settle the question. The times were dull—he would reduce wages. The Harman mill operatives went out in a body.

The first day of the strike Big John, the weaver, who headed the strikers, came to Jere Harman with a delegation to arbitrate the matter.

To them Harman said: "Return to work at my terms or stay out and starve. Monday I hire new hands if you are not back in your places. As long as I own this mill I shall be master here."

This was his final answer, and no words of mine, no warnings of the murmurs and threats that grow and deepen among the men, will shake his will.

There is talk of firing the mill among the mad-brained ones, but Big John shakes his head.

"That were chopping the nose off to spite the face, men. If the mill were burnt how would that help us to work and wages? Nay; it must be other means."

"Aye, we must live; but if we do not get our rights by fair means we will have them by foul," cried another.

They mean mischief. I have warned Jere Harman, but he will not heed.

\* \* \* \* \*

The strike is over.

The night is ended, and I sit alone in the office in the gray dawn, sick and dizzy with the horrors of the night's experience. I shut my eyes and the picture stands out before me—the dark night, the Hall with its lights glowing out through the windows, the gay party of young people in the drawing-room; the gleam of torches outside, the mob of desperate men, the angry, upturned faces. There was a tramp of feet, hoarse shouts, and a stone crashed through a window and shattered the chandelier.

The music stopped with a discordant crash. There was instant confusion, and above it all there were the hoarse cries for Jere Harman.

I sprang through the piazza window and faced the men. They knew me well, and Big John shouted:

"We've naught against you, John Spencer. We mean no harm to any, but the master must hear us. Bring out the master!"

"Come like honest men, in daylight, and talk it over calmly," I urged; "not at night, like a mob of ruffians with stones for arguments."

Jere Harman had come out to them. They greeted him with an angry shout.

"We are to be put off no longer. Is it our rights by fair means or by foul, Jere Harman?"

"Your rights!" began Jere Harman in his harsh, stern voice. I saw that Nellie Harman had slipped out to her father's side and laid her hand pleadingly on his shoulder. She did not fear the angry men, for willingly not one of them would have harmed a hair of her dainty head. I saw that she would have pleaded with her father to be gentle with them.

"Yes, our rights!" yelled a voice in the crowd with an awful oath. He was drunken or blind with rage—surely he did not see the girl at her father's side. A stone whizzed through the air. It might have been Jere Harman's death-blow; instead, it struck her. It cut a great, cruel gash just above the temple.

They sprang toward her—her friends, her lover—but Nellie Harman put her two hands out to me with a sharp, gasping cry.

"Jack, Jack!" she said, and I caught her in my arms.

I have lived over the agony, the joy, of that moment all through the long, lonely hours of this night.

It was Big John himself who brought the doctor and cried like a child when they told him she was dying. His little crippled child she had loved and cared for, and it had died in her arms. "Aye, and that harm should have come to her, who was more good and innocent of wrong than the angels!" muttered Big John, brokenly, as he went away softened and sorrowful.

Jere Harman sent me out to tell the men that he had yielded, and in the silence of death they went away.

The strike is over.

As I sit here in the gray dawn, waiting, fearing, dreading the coming of the morning and the news it may bring, I hear the clatter of horses' hoofs. It is a servant from the Hall riding to the village on some errand.

"What news?" I call out hoarsely, and learn that the worst is over and that she will live.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nellie Harman hovered between life and death for long weeks, and I worked as I had never worked before. Jere Harman left much of the management of the mill in my hands, and I put heart and brain in the work or I should have gone mad in those weeks with the longing to see her face. When she was well again I spent many evenings at the Hall, talking business with her father, who came seldom to the office in those days. He had broken in health with the recent troubles and had lost energy, but he was gentler and kinder than of old.

Harry Desmond was always there. I was but a dull guest. I could not endure his light-heartedness, the triumph in his eyes, the happiness in his laugh. I could not endure that he should call her by name or smile on her.

I was a mad fool!

I told Jere Harman that I must go away; that I must have rest, change—a vacation. Gordon, the young foreman, could take my place, I urged, and he consented, though grudgingly.

The last evening I promised him to spend at the Hall and go over the accounts with him.

Never had Nellie been brighter or gayer. I felt a vague pang that my going was so little to her.

It was early when Desmond left, and I immediately rose to go. Jere Harman grasped my

hand cordially in farewell, and Nellie said simply "Good-bye," and I went down the path slowly and sadly.

Suddenly I heard a light, flying step behind me as I reached the shadow of the trees.

It was Nellie.

I stepped back in the darkness. She stopped, as if listening, and then came toward me.

"I thought I should overtake you," she whispered, slipping her arm through mine. "Did you think I could let you go away to-night without a last word?" There was something in her voice, a tenderness, that explained all. She had come out to meet her lover, Desmond, and mistaken me for him in the darkness. But to have her so near was very sweet. She seemed not to care for speech. She was very still—just clasping my arm and leaning ever so gently against my shoulder. The temptation was great—I was going away—just to take away with me the memory of a moment's heaven!

I kissed her.

"Forgive me," I pleaded, desperately. "You thought me your lover, Desmond, and I was cruel, mad, to take that kiss. Nellie, forgive me."

"But I kissed you, Jack," she whispered. "And you won't go—oh, Jack! you won't go when I love you so."

Jack Spencer, gray-haired and forty, commonplace and poor—she loved him!

That is my romance.

## THE LITTLE BRIDE ACROSS THE WAY.\*

Oh, watch her look out on the world  
To see if aught has changed it  
Since yesterday her hair she curled  
And tremblingly arranged it.

Because a filmy wedding veil  
Its shining waves must cover,  
Until she at the altar rail  
Shall lose and find a lover!

Her eyes, suffused with happy light,  
Gaze on the same old places  
That twenty years have met her sight;  
She sees the same old faces.

And yet the brick walls and bare trees  
Glow with a certain glory,  
And in the faces that she sees  
She reads her own sweet story.

Oh, little bride across the way,  
You are not color blinded,  
Though rose and gray make up the day;  
'Tis I am single minded! M. L. S.

## THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING IN CHICAGO.

It would not be profitable, perhaps, save in an exhaustive and critical article, to say which is the best of the exhibition buildings erected in Jackson Park, Chicago, for the World's Fair. Nor would it be any more profitable to say which is the worst of all those on the grounds. To determine pre-eminence either in goodness or badness would be difficult, for there are buildings there that are supremely meritorious and others that are sadly deficient in good taste. But the buildings of the "White City" are readily susceptible of classification into the splendid, the commonplace, and the bad. In the first class every one would place the Administration building, the Art Palace, and the Agricultural building; in the second class the Transportation building, the Women's building, and the building for Mines and Mining; in the third class would be placed the Government building, the Illinois State building, and the Fisheries building. Critics would quarrel a good deal about the classification of some of the other buildings, but in regard to those mentioned there could be little difference of opinion among those competent to pronounce judgment.

The Agricultural building, of which there is a picture in this number of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY, is easily among the best architectural achievements called forth by the effort to make the World's Fair worthy of the country. It was designed by Messrs. McKim, Mead and White, the architects who have built some of the most notable houses in New York and other parts of the country. The services of the same architects were luckily secured to design the New York State building, which, considering how close it is to the magnificent Art Palace designed by Mr. Atwood, needed to be very good indeed to escape looking cheap and commonplace. As it is, the New York State building is one of the most notable and pleasing structures in Jackson Park, and the citizen of the Empire State who sees it without a feeling of pride will deserve to be classed with those

\*The writer of this poem, Miss Maud L. Smith, of New Haven, died March 13th. The poem for that reason will be read with peculiar interest, and the promise in it of good work further on will add to the regret her death has caused. She was young and ambitious, and her death was sudden and quite unexpected.

in whose veins cold water flows instead of warm blood. The style of the Agricultural building might be called the classic Renaissance. It is just on the shores of Lake Michigan, and right across the central lagoon from the building of the Liberal Arts and Manufactures, with which it is, in a sense, united by the peristyle on the lake front. The building is 500 x 800 feet, the general cornice being 65 feet above the ground. Though there is but a single story, the design is bold and heroic. On either side of the main entrance are mammoth Corinthian pillars 50 feet high and 5 feet in diameter. On each corner and from the centre of the building pavilions are reared, the central one being 144 feet square. The corner pavilions are connected by curtains, forming a continuous arcade around the top of the building. The main entrance leads through an opening 64 feet wide into a vestibule, from which entrance is had to the rotunda, 100 feet in diameter. This is surmounted by a mammoth glass dome 130 feet high. All through the main vestibule statuary has been placed, illustrative of the agricultural industry. Similar designs are grouped about all of the grand entrances. The corner pavilions are surmounted by domes 96 feet high, and above these tower groups of statuary. The design of these groups is that of three female figures, of herculean proportions, supporting a mammoth globe. Over the central dome is the golden Diana that once turned with the changing wind on the top of the tower of the Madison Square Garden in New York.

To the southward of the Agricultural building is a spacious structure devoted chiefly to a Live Stock and Agricultural Assembly Hall. This is an improvement on the great exhibitions hitherto held, and was put up in recognition of the fact that however great the United States was in manufactures and the kindred arts, it was after all greater as an agricultural country. The farmers will find much to interest them in the agricultural section of the World's Fair, but when they see how splendidly the section has been housed they will feel that they must comb all the hay-seed out of their hair before being worthy to enter the temple consecrated to Ceres and guarded by the huntress Diana.

PHILIP POINDEXTER.

## THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF BOATING AT YALE.

Of all college sports, that which requires the deepest and most constant devotion is rowing, for there is none of that continual incentive to effort which the foot-ball man has in the activity and excitement of his game, as well as in the frequent applause which he wins and the flattering public notice which he attracts. The rowing man does his work in silence. For five months or more he subjects himself to monotonous and wearing discipline, has no excitements, no stimulus but his ardor and his hope, while the accumulated energies of months of toil are spent in but one grand contest. In twenty minutes it is all over; one supreme, heart-stilling struggle, and the season's work is done. Then comes the glory he has looked forward to and dreamed of—if his boat has won; for there is always the possibility of defeat as a dark shape in the background. Five months for twenty minutes!

The history of the sport in this country is entirely included within the space of half a century. It begins with the arrival of the four-oared *Pioneer* in New Haven harbor in May, 1843, owned by a club of seven enterprising Yale juniors, headed by Mr. William J. Weeks, the originator of the idea, and treasurer of the club. His report for the year following this venture is wanting in suggestions of extravagance, unless it be in the item of bunting, but even that was evidently "shopped" for, and measured and cut to the half-penny:

1843.	
May 23d.	To cash for one four-oared boat, 19 x 43 1/2 beam.....\$26.50
May 23d.	To four 12-foot oars at 63 1/2 cents per foot.....3.00
May 24th.	To freight on boat, etc., New York to New Haven.....1.50
May 26th.	To lock and chain.....2.00
May 26th.	To two extra keys for lock......25
June 14th.	To bunting for flag......37
June 17th.	To painting and repairing, with hoisting tackle, etc.....8.54
June 26th.	To new oar, 75 cents; and painting it, 37 cents.....1.12
July 8th.	To davits, \$2; new oar, 75 cents.....2.75
August 1st.	To trimming oar......56
September 30th.	To rent of boat-house.....5.25
1844.	
May 31st.	To painting, repairs, and storage.....10.50
	Total expense.....\$62.35
1844.	
August 13th.	By cash received for boat sold.....\$12.00
	Balance to Dr.....\$50.35

1 1/2 of \$50.35—expense to each "Pioneer".....\$7.19

This example was contagious; the possibilities that were enfolded in this new method of recreation became quickly apparent, and other boats soon followed. The juniors led in the



movement with another four-oared Whitehall and a log canoe with eight paddles; the freshmen produced the first race, the six-oared lap-streak gig *Excelsior*. The two latter were the contestants in the first formal race, although the guileless freshmen rowed at something of a disadvantage, struggling unconsciously and vainly to drag a huge bowlder which the upper classmen had attached to the keel of the gig. This served to establish the sport, which grew rapidly into importance. It was inevitable that inter-collegiate competition should ensue, and, in August, 1852, Harvard sent her eight-oared mascot, *Oneida*, to Lake Winnepesaukee to try conclusions with Yale's *Shawmut* and *Undine*. This initial regatta was an advertising scheme on the part of the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad, from whose superintendent, Mr. J. N. Elkins, came the suggestion, with an offer to pay the bills. Crowds of students and excursionists flocked to the beautiful lake, and shouting groups of partisans, afloat and ashore, followed the rival craft, and just as they do now, glowed or glowered, according to their sympathies, when the *Oneida* won a clear and easy victory. The course was about two miles against the wind. Training and diet were then on a basis of strict simplicity, the rule for diet being, "no pastry or summer fruit on day of race"; while by way of training, the *Oneida* crew pulled together before the race "only a few times for fear of blistering their hands." The second regatta, held on the Connecticut River, at Springfield, in July, 1855, was also won by Harvard, the short, jerky stroke being largely responsible for Yale's defeat. Three years later an annual intercollegiate regatta was established by Harvard, Yale, Brown, and Trinity, one of the rules of which was that none but academic undergraduates should be allowed to take part therein—which is interesting in view of the recent revival of the undergraduate question. In 1872, '73, and '74 this question was discussed without modification of the rule of 1858, except the admission in 1873 of scientific as well as of academic undergraduates. But in 1876 all graduates and undergraduates studying for a degree were made eligible, which has been reversed by the action of this winter. The season of 1858 was brought to a tragic close by the drowning of George E. Dunham, of the Yale crew, in whose memory the Dunham Boat Club was founded in 1875. Lake Quinsigamond, in the year after this sad event, was the scene of Yale's victory over her too-confident rivals. The pull was hotly contested, and the winning margin only two seconds. In this race, in which spoon-oars were introduced, Harvard used the first six-oared shell built in this country—40 feet long; 26 inches amidships, iron outriggers, and no rudder, weighing 150 pounds. The Yale crew rowed with coxswain and rudder, but by somebody's blunder their boat was fitted with short oars, so that it was necessary to raise the stroke at least ten points above that at which they had trained, ending with a grand spurt at sixty per minute. A diet of meat, oat-meal, and coarse bread; a four-mile run before breakfast, the last half-mile at speed; pulling heavy weights at noon, and a four-mile pull in the evening, marked the progress in the art of training since the Winnepesaukee meeting.

Up to this time the Yale boats had been moored in the shelter of the causeway above Tomlinson's bridge, near the steamboat dock. The equipments were stored in a loft near by, and he who wished to row had to punt or wade out to his boat. Some sort of covering, however, soon became necessary—stringing up good boats on the under side of the bridge as a protection from the weather was not satisfactory. A rough shed was put up in 1859 on the bank of the wretched little Mill River, where in low water was left an expanse of black, slimy mud, through which the boats had to be carried from the house to the water. This served for four years, during which the outbreak of the war caused a decline of interest in boating matters; although club races were supported, the English permanent boat-club system having been established in 1860. A substantial house, costing \$3,400, was erected in 1863, on piles, near the steamboat storehouse. In this the boats were lowered through trap-doors, between the parallel rows of piles, while the crew descended on ladders, and their oars were passed down to them—a plan of ingenious inconvenience. Two years of victory followed the entry into the new house, under the leadership of Wilbur R. Bacon, whose crew was strong and trained on the most heroic principles, although rowing a rather convulsive stroke. Harvard adopted at this time a more liberal system of training, seeking less to dispose of tissue than to keep it, as far as was consistent with the work to be done. This wise change of policy had more to do with the victories of the next four or five years than the quickening of the stroke, the new rate being forty-two and forty-three per minute; while Yale practiced a longer, slower swing than formerly.

Sliding seats were introduced in 1870, in which year the race was given to Harvard on a claim of foul. This was the occasion of a protracted discussion which resulted in the formation of the Rowing Association of American Colleges, which Yale declined to join, standing for a straightaway race with Harvard, the previous courses having included a turn. Massachusetts Agricultural College, with hardly a hundred men to choose from, sent the winning crew to the regatta of '71—which naturally created much surprise, as Harvard was thirty-seven seconds behind. The following year Yale entered the association, and finished sixth and last, with the worst crew of her history, although it contained perhaps the best oarsman she ever had—Mr. Robert J.

Cook, then a freshman. In the intercollegiate contests of the succeeding four years, those of Mr. Cook's captaincy, the blue banner waved serenely aloft in '73 and '76, and at Philadelphia, when the "Champion Centennial Four" rowed a practically dead heat with the famous London crew, and won the international college championship.

In 1876 Yale withdrew from the association and challenged Harvard to an eight-oared race, four miles straight away, with coxswain. This began the dual series, the theatre of which was transferred from Springfield to New London in 1878.

The present boat-house was built in 1875. Of the eighteen crews which have gone out from this house to meet Harvard, ten have returned triumphant. The building and land cost altogether \$16,500. It has a water-front of eighty-three feet, with five bridges leading down from the first floor, seven feet above low-water mark, to the float, which extends the entire length of the water-front. The first floor is devoted to the storage of boats and to the carpenter's shop. A large hall, decorated with flags, trophies, and memorabilia, occupies about half of the upper story, while dressing-rooms, bath-rooms, and offices are adjacent. A broad, covered veranda extends on two sides of the house, from which you have a charming view of the crew starting away from the float beneath you on a practice spin down the harbor. They pull with a beautiful measured swing—such a harmonious motion that it is almost musical—down toward the draw-bridge, and right there is a little red house;—that's where the old house of '63 stood, and that is Tomlinson's bridge, beneath which the old *Pioneer* used to be strung up out of the wind and rain. Off to the left runs the Mill River, and just around the curve was the first house, that of '59, where an armed guard of students slept during the draft-riots of '63. It is a vision of delight from the club-house veranda on a soft, warm afternoon in May, before the sun sets and the tide runs out and leaves the noisome flats bare. Never is the flush of early twilight fairer than over the cheek of the quiet waters down the harbor. Just fifty years ago Weeks and Buel and their companions were discovering new charms in life from the thwarts of the *Pioneer*; they left a legacy of delights behind them, as one can believe, watching the crew swing easily back to the float, strong and fresh and sound, as only men in ruddy health and perfect condition are.

Perfect condition and perfect form win victories. A crew must work together with the exact simultaneousness of machinery, and must be made up of parts which can be depended upon in the severe strain which is unavoidable as the climax of their labors. To this end their training is of the utmost importance. The theory of training was tersely stated, nearly twenty years ago, by Mr. W. B. Woodgate: "Hard work trains—diet keeps the frame up to its work." This is as true now as then, although its interpretation is far more enlightened and humane than formerly. The work of the victorious crew of '92 was in general a daily run of five or eight miles, followed by body exercises in the gymnasium, and a long-practice pull in the boat. In winter the boat-work is done in the rowing-tank, a rectangular pool with a stationary barge in the centre. The oar-blades are partly open, to lessen the resistance of the water, which is intensified by the fixity of the barge, with the object also of permitting greater freedom of motion. Partitions erected upon the floor of the pool appear above the surface of the water on each side of the boat, so arranged as to divide the current created by the sweep of the oars, and give to it a rotary motion. The boat is simply an oblong box, containing the sliding seats and stretchers as they are arranged in the shell. In this is done most important work, under the close, watchful care of the coach, generally, at present, Captain S. B. Ives, '93, a son of Mr. H. Brayton Ives, of New York, bow oar of the crew of '60, or Mr. J. A. Hartwell, who rowed No. 4 in the crews of '88, '89, '90 and '92, and captained the last year's crew. The work is built up for each man from the fundamental principles. It is not easy: the points to be observed are numerous and refractory. Good oarsmanship includes perfect control of the action of the shoulders, which first respond to the catch of the oar in the water; the arms, which must remain rigid until the knees have straightened and the slide has reached its forward limit—the length of slide is about eighteen inches—when the elbows bend and the stroke is finished by use of the forearm as well as of the biceps; and the legs, whose action must follow the flattening of the back. Involved in the feather and the recover are the turn and drop of the wrists, with a forward shoot of the hands; then the catch, strong and sharp, yet deliberate, with a powerful swing back, the blade of the oar just buried. The length of the oar-sweep through the water is about nine feet six inches.

The training-table is the next place of interest to visit. As far back as the "good old days" of Captain Bacon, '65, the reaction had set in against the starvation regimen which at one time trainers believed in. The crews of '64 and '65 won their victories on the good muscle born of beef and mutton, but even then the conscientious coach frowned upon any approach to exuberance of appetite, and looked askance at vegetables. Last year's bill-of-fare included, in the morning, dates, oranges and figs, oatmeal, beefsteak, stewed potatoes; at noon, roast beef, mutton or chicken, mashed potatoes, tomatoes or peas, boiled rice or bread pudding; at supper, chops or steak, stewed potatoes, and oatmeal; toast at all times. The constant drink was oatmeal water, so highly commended by the English authorities, and in cold weather, milk. Quantity was always subject to appetite. It is safe to say these crew men do not suffer from dreams. CORYDON C. TYLER.

YALE UNIVERSITY, March 3d, 1893.

#### RECENT DIPLOMATIC APPOINTMENTS.

We give on another page portraits of a number of the more important civil-service appointees of the new administration. All these appointments are admittedly of a high order. The Hon. James B. Eustis, who goes as Minister to France, has been for a quarter of a century conspicuous in the politics of Louisiana,

and represented that State for two terms in the United States Senate. He is a fine classical scholar, speaks French fluently, and is in every way equipped for the position to which he has been assigned. The Hon. Theodore Runyon, who succeeds Mr. William Walter Phelps as Minister at Berlin, is one of the foremost lawyers of New Jersey, and has been for over thirty years actively and honorably identified with the history of that State. He was one of the first to volunteer for the defense of the Union in 1861, and served with credit during the period of his commission as a brigadier-general. He was subsequently for many years chancellor of the State, and achieved high distinction by the ability of his decisions in that important court. For some years past he has been engaged in the practice of his profession in the city of Newark, where he is held in universal respect as a man of high character and marked ability. He is a prominent member of the Methodist Church. Mr. John E. Risley, nominated as Minister to Denmark, is a practicing lawyer of New York, and has been always connected with the Democratic party, but not an active participant in its management. His practice has been largely in international cases, and he is regarded as well fitted for the functions of the diplomatic office to which he has been appointed. The Consul-General at Paris, Mr. Samuel E. Morss, of Indiana, is widely known throughout the West as editor of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, and as an active and influential supporter of Mr. Cleveland.

#### COMFORTS OF OCEAN TRAVEL.

Is nothing has the world made greater progress during the last two or three decades than in the luxuries and conveniences of railway travel. Now that all the resources of civilization are employed to secure the comfort and safety to the traveler, it may be said with almost literal truth that he can command as much real enjoyment on wheels as within the precincts of his own fireside. Whatever may be said of the great railway corporations, it is certainly true that they avail themselves of all modern improvements to insure efficient and satisfactory service to the public. And this is just as true now of those portions of the Union which before the war were but poorly served in this regard as it is of the more populous Northern States. When one can span the continent within five days, and travel in perfect comfort from New York to the Florida Keys within thirty-two hours, but little is left to be desired in the way of speed and convenience.

Great as are the attractions of railway travel, however, there are very many to whom voyaging by sea affords infinitely greater pleasure and enjoyment. Within the last few years ocean travel has immensely increased, and this result is logically due to the greatly enlarged facilities which the ocean-carrying companies afford. To the health-seeker, or the victim of overwork, a trip at sea, whether it extend to European shores or is dwarfed to a mere run to Cuba, Vera Cruz, New Orleans, Bermuda, Jamaica, or even to Savannah or Jacksonville, is better than all the medicine of all the schools. At sea one is absolutely relieved from harassing and vexatious cares; abstention from work is compulsory, and so wastes of both body and mind are repaired. One of the most delightful of the shorter tours which are within the reach of all is from New York to Savannah and return, ordinarily occupying five or six days. During March and April the fine vessels of the Ocean Steamship Company are crowded with tourists who desire a change either as a respite from business responsibilities or as a means of recuperation from the mad whirl of winter frivolities. The service on these vessels is of the very best, and one is always sure to find congenial spirits whose intercourse contributes to the enjoyment of the voyage. One of the diversions of lady-passengers is that of feeding the gulls which follow the ships in their course, sometimes sailing in great clouds overhead. An incident of this kind is illustrated on another page. Another most enjoyable trip is that afforded by the Old Dominion Steamship Company, running from this city to Norfolk, and thence by smaller vessels through the Elizabeth River, the Dismal Swamp Canal, and the inland waters of North Carolina, to Newbern in that State. For a lazy and merely restful tour nothing could be more delightful than this. Still another favorite excursion trip is that of the Ward Steamship Line, plying between this port and Cuba.

#### OUR FOREIGN PICTURES.

##### THE NEW AMERICAN LINE.

THE welcome extended at Southampton to the American steamer *New York*, formerly the

*City of New York*, on her first arrival at that port, was marked by an enthusiasm which augurs most favorably for the new enterprise. The fact that the American (formerly the *Inman*) line had determined to abandon Liverpool after forty-three years' sojourn there, and make Southampton its English headquarters, thus restoring it to its foreign prestige, naturally awakened great local interest; but satisfaction with the new departure seemed to be more than local, extending to London and to the commercial classes generally. The *New York* reached the port in the evening, and as she steamed to her dock was saluted by the music of bands, the booming of cannon, the ringing of bells, and a pyrotechnic display that added both splendor and picturesqueness to the scene. Three trains were waiting at the dock to convey the mails and passengers to London, and the superiority of this new route was shown by the fact that these, instead of being delayed for hours as at Liverpool, were dispatched in one hour and ten minutes from the arrival of the steamer. Two or three days later the proprietors of the American company gave a luncheon on board the *New York*, at which a distinguished company was present, including the American Minister, the Hon. R. Lincoln; the Mayor of Southampton, and representatives of all departments of English public life. Three hundred guests went down from London in new American cars to share in the celebration.

##### THE PANAMA SCANDAL.

One of the most dramatic of the many sensational incidents of the recent trial of the Panama directors in Paris was the appearance of Madame Cottu, whose husband had been implicated in the scandal. Madame Cottu alleged that she had been visited by representatives of the government who desired her to suppress damaging facts within her knowledge; that the chief of the detective department had asked her, under menace, to surrender documents compromising certain Deputies, etc. These declarations produced a profound sensation in Paris, and the excitement was heightened by the resignation of M. Bourgeois, Minister of Justice, who was accused of having authorized the attempts to intimidate Madame Cottu. For a day or two it looked, so intense was the popular agitation, as if the Ministry would be overthrown, but later testimony, on the part of the implicated officials, failed to sustain the charges, and the excitement gradually subsided. The Cabinet has since been sustained, on two or three test votes, by a large majority, and it now looks as if the conspiracies against the republic will prove abortive.

##### THE VARSITY BOAT-RACE.

We give on another page portraits of the Oxford crew, winners of the great Varsity boat-race with Cambridge, on the Thames, on the 22d ult. The race was one of the most memorable on record. The time was 18:47, the best time ever made over the course. The best previous record was last year, when Oxford rowed the four and a quarter miles in 19:21. Oxford has now a lead of five races over the Cambridge University. Of the fifty races rowed since 1829 twenty-seven were won by the dark-blues (Oxford), twenty-two by the light-blues, and one was a dead heat. Oxford has won in four straight years. On six other occasions the two universities have met in other aquatic contests. In the Thames National Regatta Oxford won in 1884, and of the five races for the Grand Challenge Cup the dark-blue came off the victors on three occasions, so that Oxford is now in reality seven races ahead of her opponents. Cambridge will send a crew here, probably, to take part in the World's Fair Regatta, and it is possible that Oxford may also send a representative crew.

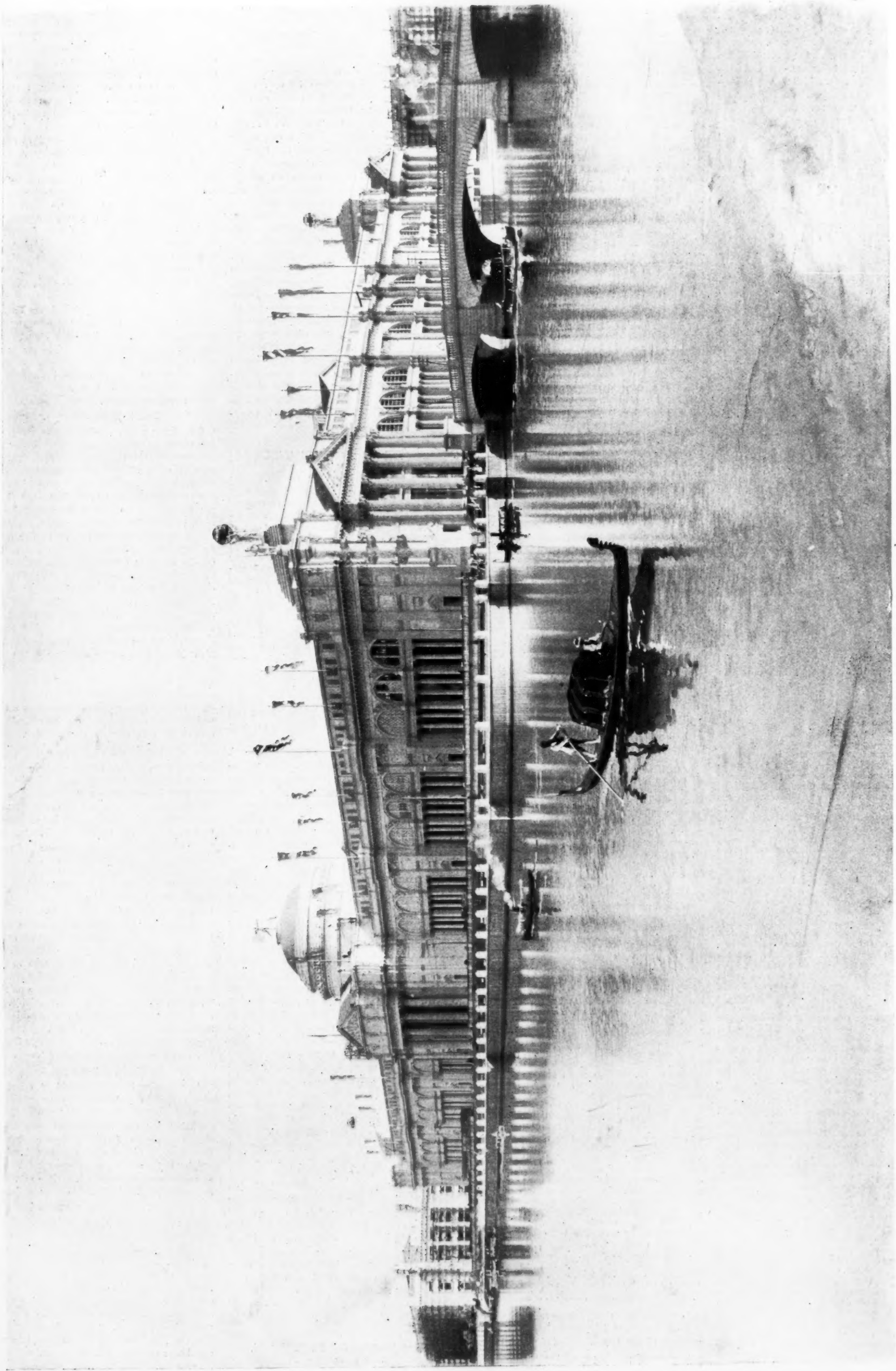
##### KRUPP'S BIG GUN.

Among other illustrations will be found one of the apparatus by which the great gun manufactured at Krupp's establishment at Essen, Germany, for the World's Fair, was hoisted aboard the steamer *Longueil* for transportation to Baltimore. This gun is 43½ feet long and weighs 123 tons. Upon reaching Baltimore it was carried to Chicago, where it will form a feature of the exposition.

##### FINE BILLIARD-PLAYING.

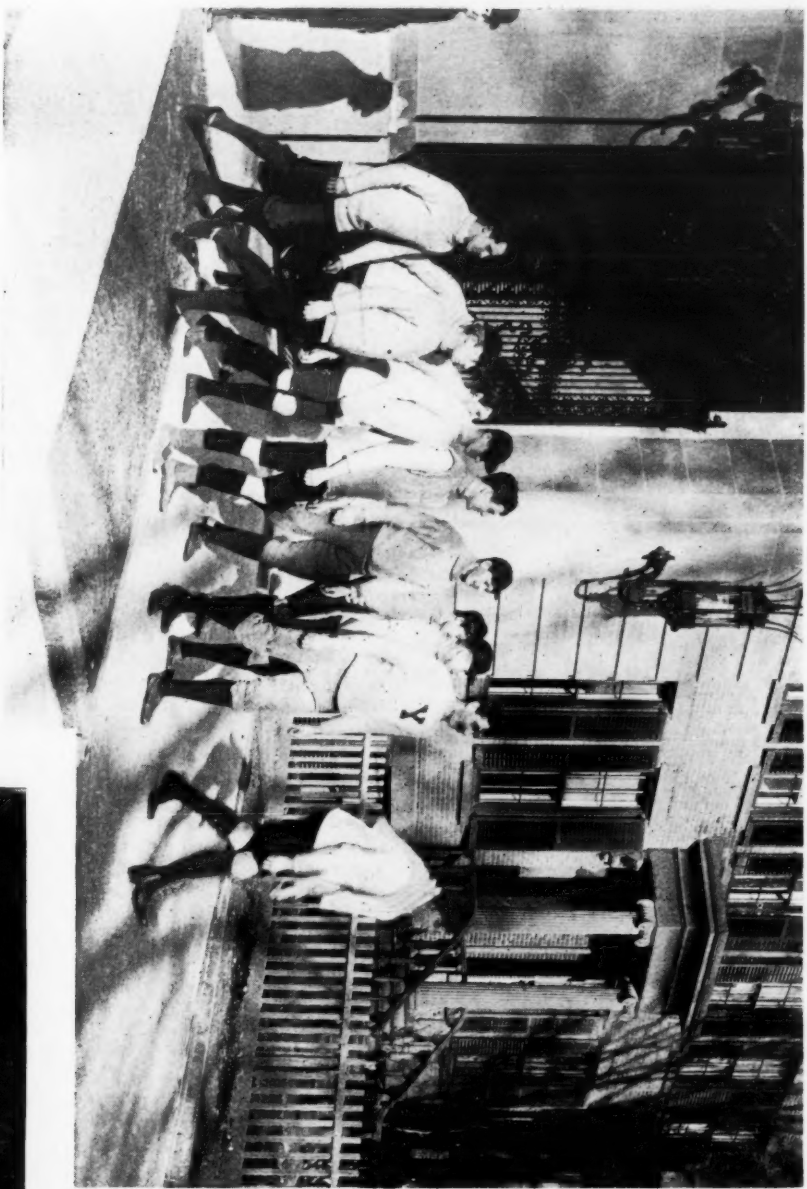
We reproduce from the *Pall Mall Budget* an illustration of the recent billiard match between John Roberts and W. J. Peall of 24,000 points up (Peall 9,000 start), which attracted great crowds of spectators to the Egyptian Hall in London. The incident illustrated was the most exciting event of the match, when Roberts without the aid of the spot stroke made the marvelous break of 737. "Throughout the break Roberts maintained an almost complete command over the balls, and his accuracy of striking was so remarkable that it was only necessary for him to play two or three really difficult shots."





THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.  
THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING, FROM THE LAGOON, DESIGNED BY McKIM, MEAD & WHITE.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY C. D. ARNOLD.—[SEE PAGE 218.]

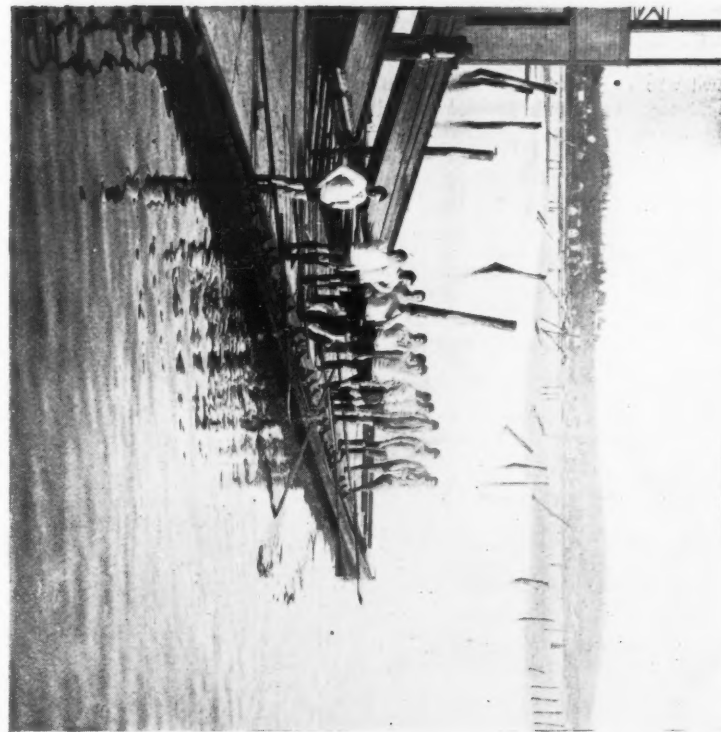




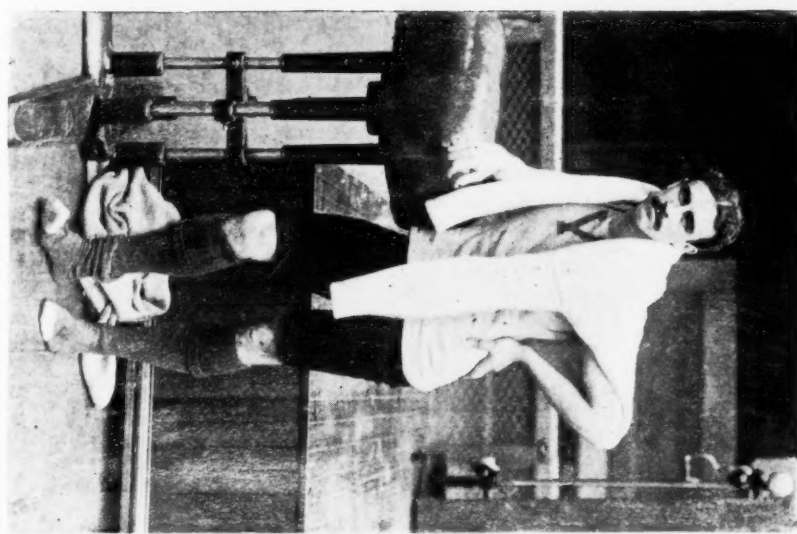
OUT FOR A LONG RUN.



THE CREW.



THE BOAT-HOUSE—READY FOR A RUN.



CAPTAIN IVES.



EXERCISING IN THE GYMNASIUM.

A DAY WITH THE YALE CREW IN TRAINING FOR THE ANNUAL YALE-HARVARD BOAT-RACE AT NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PACH BROTHERS.—SEE CORDON C. TYLER'S ARTICLE ON THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF BOATING AT YALE.—[See Page 218.]



# FOR THE CHILDREN

CONDUCTED BY ANNE RHODES



CYRIL TYLER.

## AN EASTER ANTHEM.

TO MASTER CYRIL TYLER.

FAR AWAY in old England, in the quaint and ancient city of York, stands a stately cathedral. Hoary with age, dark and imposing, from the heart of the city its square towers point to the skies. Centuries have rolled by since its stones were shaped together by careful hands, long since forgotten, and still it stands in solemn grandeur, and still beneath its lofty roof sweet voices are daily raised in prayer and song.

Beneath the outer walls of the cathedral, nestling close and huddled together, are the narrow streets and dingy houses of the old town. They seem to cling, as if for protection, to their huge neighbor, and round about, beyond the outskirts of the ancient settlement, are walls, once stout but now crumbling with decay, which for years unnumbered have withstood alike the storms of time and siege by more than one fierce army.

Just a quarter of a century ago, in one of the little old houses, close by the cathedral but humbly placed far back and almost out of sight, lived Cyril with his gentle English mother. And all day long as he moved about their tiny dwelling with its two bare rooms, he sang sweet songs to cheer her while at her weary needle-work. They were very poor, and Cyril's loving heart swelled to bursting as he saw that day by day the patient hands grew more tired, the troublesome cough more frequent, and the tired form more feeble. His eyes filled with tears as he thought of the day, two years before, when he had promised his dying father to protect and love her always, but he choked them back,—for what could a little boy of ten do to earn much money so that she might rest?—and he must not let his throat be filled with tears, for she loved to hear him sing. So he began another and brighter song as he spread their slender supper on the table by her side.

The little mother listened with a smile, but looked at her boy with troubled eyes. Dear little Cyril, he was so brave! From his English mother he had inherited courage and patience, from his Italian father a tender heart, full of enthusiasm, and a voice of wonderful sweetness. She passed her hand across her eyes and gazed at him as he stood toasting her crust of bread by the fire. His dark Italian eyes flashed and sparkled in the fire-light, and his light-brown English hair seemed turned to curls of gold. She, too, knew that her strength was slipping away, day by day, and she dared not think of the time she felt must come soon, when her eyes should be dimmed forever and her hands should cease their work. What would become of her Cyril? Who would care for him when she could no longer? Despair filled her heart, as sorrow his, but they were both brave, this little mother and her boy, and each tried to spare the other; so they smiled as their eyes met, and, flinging his loving arms around his tired little mother's neck, Cyril put her trouble to flight, for the moment, with a tender kiss.

Every evening it was Cyril's simple duty to blow the little organ in the choir-room, while the great choir of the cathedral practiced the music they should sing next day. And as he stood in the dim and ancient room, carefully and slowly moving the handle of the bellows up and down, pushing air into the pipes over his head, that it might find its way out again in waves of sweet sound, he longed to take a place among the

boys on the benches, and sing with them the grand and solemn chants and joyful anthems. But he dared not speak to the stern old choir-master, who frowned and scowled with his bushy, grizzled eyebrows. Perhaps if he had known that they sang for pay, that he could have earned money, the thought of the tired hands and hacking cough would have given him courage; but he sang as do the birds and thought as little as they of earning money with his songs. So he contented himself with listening eagerly, drinking in the stately measures and solemn words, and hearing with attentive ears the instruction given by the master.

The festival of Easter was approaching, and over and over they sang the beautiful music chosen for the day. Cyril felt the harmonies thrill through and through his little body, and the words were sweeter each night. One anthem seemed to him especially beautiful, for it told in rich melody that a time of joy and happiness was at hand, and he listened each time with delight to the voice of the boy who sang in clear soprano a triumphant song, while the choir chanted in solemn monotone. Privately he thought the little blue-eyed soprano boy very dull, for he learned his solo very slowly and provoked the old master by his forgetfulness. Every word was written on Cyril's memory and the notes almost sprang to his lips unbidden.

At last all was ready. The great choir was gathered in the accustomed place for a last rehearsal. A clock sounded the hour, and minutes slipped swiftly by, but as the old choir-master was still absent, they could only wonder and whisper among themselves. Never before had he been the last to arrive. Something must have happened.

Presently he entered abruptly, and standing before them, anxious and worried, he passed his fingers nervously through his flowing gray hair and said, sadly:

"We cannot sing our anthem to-morrow. Our little soprano, Jamie, has been injured in an accident. He will never sing again."

They were stunned, amazed for a moment, and then broke out into a chorus of exclamations. One after another of the boys offered to try the solo; but no, the master shook his head. He knew they could not; he dared not let them try.

Cyril gazed at them all in growing excitement. Not sing the anthem—his beautiful anthem! His back eyes glowed and darkened; he was rapidly forgetting his silence and shyness. And when the old man, shaking his head, turned aside with something very like tears in his eyes, he could contain himself no longer, but rushing forward, all unconscious of the amazement on the surrounding faces, he seized the hand of the old man and exclaimed:

"Let me—let me sing the solo! Oh, I know it very well. I sing it every day to my mother while she sews in our little house down there!" Pointing eagerly toward the humble dwelling.

The choir were spellbound with astonishment. But the master, gazing at the boy, saw the enthusiasm in his face, and a strange impulse came to him. So he said, quietly:

"You shall try it now, my child. Sing boldly, and do not fear."

Cyril almost felt his courage ebbing as silently the choir took their places. But he glanced shyly at the master, and saw beneath the stern and bushy eyebrows grave but gentle eyes looking kindly at him, and he ceased to tremble.

Once, twice they sang it through, and the master was pleased.

"You shall sing the solo to-morrow, Cyril," he said, "and if you please me then you shall have two bright yellow guineas to carry home. And perhaps—yes, perhaps you may come every day and sing in Jamie's place."

Cyril was almost dizzy with excitement as he ran home. Two yellow guineas! More than ten dollars, little readers. Two guineas! It was wealth untold! He had never seen so much money at one time. But he hushed his happy song as he raised the latch, for the little mother was sleeping, and must not be waked even for news such as his.

The next morning a beautiful plan came into his wise little head. Little mother should go unsuspecting to the great cathedral and hear him sing. How surprised she would be, and pleased. He told her the choir-master needed him, and ran away, as she, looking ill and sad, brushed her threadbare garments and smoothed her gray-streaked hair.

So huge is the great cathedral that she could not see Cyril in Jamie's seat among the other boys from her humble place in the listening crowd who had come, some of them from a long distance, to hear the beautiful service. And while the choir sang together she could not hear his voice. But presently, for the anthem, the organ rolled out a joyous prelude, and the whole choir sang, in swelling harmony:

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day,  
Sons of men and angels say:  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply."

Then a sweet, clear voice, tremulous a little at first, but soon steadied, took up the song:

"Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the victory won;  
Jesus's agony is o'er,  
Darkness veils the earth no more."

In amazement she listened. Surely the voice was Cyril's. Her breath came quickly and she coughed.

Cyril knew she was there, and he poured out his soul in song. Dear little mother, her sorrow and toil were over. He forgot the cathedral, forgot the listening crowd.

"Death in vain forbids him rise,  
Christ has opened Paradise."

Up to the vaulted roof the pure, ringing notes ascended, floating in waves of melody, springing from arch to arch, until the old stones rang again, echoing his joy. Was any one ever so happy as he? He thought of his father. Now, indeed, could he keep the promise made two years ago, for had not the master said that very morning that he should have two whole guineas every Sunday if he would sing in the choir every day? Two whole guineas if he would sing! Two whole guineas if he would sing! Over and over the words rang through his brain, for he knew that the little mother could rest now; knew that the tired eyes and hands could have relief, that she could go out into the sweet, spring sunshine every day instead of sitting in the gloomy room sewing, sewing.

In the dim vista of the cathedral the little mother, with slow tears of happiness streaming from her eyes, knelt beneath the great east window, which for more than four hundred years has stood between the solemn calm within and storm and strife without, until the glass, deep-hued in color, is warped and bent with age.

Through the time-dimmed panes the April sun flickered and danced in long rays of soft, rich color, lightening the gloom of the ancient structure and resting lovingly on the bent head of the little mother. Then, flashing further into the dim recesses, one clear, pure beam touched with soft caress the flowing gold-brown hair of the singer.

The choir chanted in solemn tone,  
And Cyril!

His heart in his song and his song ascending with Easter joy to heaven, with love transfiguring his face and streaming from his luminous eyes, sang, in triumphant melody:

"Made like him, like him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!"

And the great cathedral laid the moment away in her hoary old heart, side by side with days of war and sorrow, that the pure joy of the little child, so unselfish, brave, and self-reliant, should wipe away the tears of time, since from grief and hardship will come gladness, as a resurrection of hope from the grave of despair.

## MASTER CYRIL TYLER.

MASTER CYRIL TYLER, whose portrait is twice given on this page, and to whom the little story is dedicated, is the possessor of the most delightful voice which has ever been heard in New York from a boy of his age. Added to tones of natural sweetness and power he has a charmingly graceful style, and sings with intelligence beyond his years. He is, however, quite unspoiled, and spends his days in study and happy play, equally ready to learn or to frolic. He has sung at a number of concerts and entertainments this past season, and has given much pleasure whenever he has appeared.

## GRANDMA'S SONG.

Hi, Baby! Ho, Baby!  
Look at all the snow, Baby!  
Ho, Baby! Hi, Baby!  
Don't you be a cry-baby!

What's the use of crying, when the winter'll soon be dying, and the daffodils be trying hard to blow, Baby?

My Baby! Fie, Baby!  
By-lo, by-lo, by-Baby!  
Queer Baby! Dear Baby!  
What a great big tear, Baby!

Why should babies borrow tears or anything from sorrow, when they're sure to find, to-morrow, lots of cheer, Baby?

Up, Baby! Down, Baby!  
By-by every frown, Baby!  
In, Baby! Out, Baby!  
That's the way to shout, Baby!

If outside the stinging, cruel winds the sleet is flinging—in our hearts the spring is singing all about baby!

Creep, Baby! Peep, Baby!  
Into lands of sleep, Baby!  
Try, Baby! Why, Baby!  
Closed is each bright eye, Baby!

Day's small woes are over, and my baby's now a rover in a meadow filled with clover—near the sky, Baby!

JOHN ERNEST McCANN.

## PRIZE WINNERS.

Silver bracelet, Mabel Davis, Winona, Minnesota.  
Skates, Frank F. Young, Hampton Ferry, New York.

## PRIZE ANSWERS.

I.—Edward V., murdered in the Tower of London.  
II.—An uncle, the Duke of Gloster, afterward King Richard III.

III.—The War of the Roses, so called because the contending factions each wore a rose as an emblem of war.

IV.—The house of Lancaster, or the Red Rose, and the house of York, or the White Rose.

V.—The house of Lancaster.

VI.—The battle of Bosworth Field, where Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, a Lancastrian on his mother's side, overthrew and killed Richard III., practically ended the War of the Roses, but the final event which settled the contest was the marriage of Henry, who had meanwhile been crowned VII. of England, and Elizabeth of York. This marriage was celebrated in Westminster Abbey, and the bride and groom each wore a red and a white rose interwoven, to signify that the War of the Roses was over forever. In the stained glass of the east window of the abbey the roses are to-day to be seen twined together, and a quaint old verse celebrating the union has been preserved:

"Both roses flourish, red and white,  
In love and sisterly delight;  
The two that were at strife are blended,  
And all old troubles now are ended."

## HONOR ROLL.

Florence Young, Amelia Graham, Ella S. Ingalls, Mary Whitehurst, Anna V. A. Morrell, Florence Biegler, Edith Pamela Walden, Amy Arey, Nettie Crossman, Ella F. Appar, Augusta M. Scofield, Marion V. Holden, Phillipa L. Fielder, George Bentley, Fannie L. Fulliarver, Nellie Rodgers, Bessie M. Witham, Bessie Thorn, Walter J. Coggey, Leonie Callmeyer, Rosamond Crane, Grace Kline, Elsie Christie.

## PRIZE OFFER.

Two prizes are offered for competition this month, as usual:

For girls, a silver bracelet.

For boys, a jointed fishing-rod.

They will be awarded for the most correct and neatly-written short essay on the following subject:

"Columbus, the Discoverer of America."

All letters must be sent in on or before April 19th, and should be addressed care Children's Department, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.



MASTER CYRIL TYLER, THE BOY-SOPRANO.



# FOR THE WOMEN

CONDUCTED BY ELLA STARR



PARIS BONNET OF TWIGS AND VELVET TEA-ROSES.

## IN FASHION'S GLASS.

[Any of our lady subscribers who are desirous of making purchases in New York through the mails, or any subscribers who intend visiting the city, will be cheerfully directed by the editor of the Fashion Department to the most desirable establishments, where their wants can be satisfactorily supplied; or she will make purchases for them without charge when their wishes are clearly specified.]

"The spring is in the air," and not alone are we warned of the fact by the rustle and flutter and twitter of the birds, but by femininity as well. It is the arrival of these sunny days which reveals all the deficiencies of one's wardrobe, and winter garments are most oppressive. To choose from the great variety of dress materials this spring is most embarrassing, the makes being so varied and the colorings so beautiful.

Undoubtedly crêpon is again to the fore among popular fabrics, and it presents itself in the most varied aspects—shaded and shot, or canvas-like in its weaving, gauze-like in thinness, or close-woven and thick, and in every instance it drapes and folds in the most admirable manner. It would appear that every material to be attractive must combine two or three colors, and this fact extends even to serge, that homely stand-by, which lives season after season. A novelty in woolen fabrics is "hop-sack," which in appearance resembles ordinary coarse



RECEPTION-GOWN OF ALMOND-COLORED CLOTH.

sacking, but, being of wool, has the advantage of softness. A dress of this in a rich shade of brown is most effectively trimmed with black satin, three bands of which are placed around the skirt—one at the hem, one at the knees, and one just below the hips. The bodice has broad revers of the satin which cross-wrap below the bust and extend well over the enormous sleeves. By the way, sleeves still grow apace, and require an amazing amount of material to make them "up

to date." The correct way of adjusting them is in flat pleats at the top, so that they droop right down to the elbow and do not set outwards in the slightest degree. Below the elbow they must be very tight-fitting and reach well over the wrist. As frills and furbelows claim so much attention upon skirts and bodices, they have likewise extended to sleeves, and the latest novelty is a sleeve formed entirely of frills. I must say it is by no means pretty, but it is decidedly a revival of an old fashion, and revivals seem to be the order of the day.

In the way of skirts I have seen several of the newest and most exaggerated forms, but in considering their advantages and disadvantages I am almost convinced that the latter predominate. The principal objection to the prevailing style is the extravagance of it, and the alarming amount of material it requires; and again, it is so extremely heavy. Besides, it is not becoming to a woman who has large hips, for the graceful effect can only be produced when the folds spread out from a narrow top, and naturally it is infinitely more becoming to a tall figure than a short one. One of its main advantages is the fact that it cannot trail on the ground, and while a straight skirt is quite possible this spring, before many months we shall have come to regard any but those of the outspreading description as old-fashioned. As for crinoline—well, I haven't seen any as yet, even upon the stage, in the new plays which are so elaborately costumed, and I haven't yet met a woman who admits that she will wear one. I think the deep hair-cloth facing will be all-sufficient to the majority.

Of course with the curtailment of our skirts must come the curtailment of our coats, and it would appear that our spring coats are to be capes, and capes reaching only to the waist will



SPRING WRAP IN WHITE AND DAHLIA CLOTH.

take precedence, and following quite the same lines as the skirt—that is, slim and sloping at the shoulders, and broad and flaring at the base. Among the most elegant are those made of black satin, and others of rich, bright-colored velvet trimmed with jet are charming. In the other extreme are those in plain cloth, devoid of any trimming whatever. One of the most distinguished-looking short capes I have seen was made of brown cloth with a deep border which was very effective, composed of a scroll of the cloth, embroidered in finest gold and and colored beads, appliquéd on to black net. A berthe-like fichu of the same trimmed the shoulders, and a bow of black satin ribbon was added to the back at the centre. This cape costs twenty-eight dollars. Another, of a more simple description, is in an exquisite shade of fawn cloth, with a high, flaring collar and a yoke of castor velvet, which is outlined with two frills of heavy brown satin. There are three narrow, flat bands of satin around the hem of the cape, which is lined with mervilleux to match. This cape costs thirty dollars. Other charming models there are in plenty, noticeably those consisting of a pleated collarette, with a deep flounce of Chantilly or Renaissance lace falling over the arms. Frequently these little pelerines will have narrow tabs in front, reaching almost to the knees.

## SPRING MILLINERY.

After a day's interview with the newest im-

portations of hats and bonnets I find myself wonderfully short of adjectives, and perhaps after all the most convincing word of any is "new," for novelty is the altar upon which the fashionable woman is ever eager and anxious to sacrifice herself. The majority of the spring hats continue to show numerous shades of purple, heliotrope, and magenta, and one has been so merged into the other that it is a hard matter to tell where violet begins and ends. Many of the new straws are in a bright shade of violet with a reddish tinge, while others again show a crown of one color and material, and the brim of



LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF PLAIN BLUE WITH TRIMMINGS OF RED AND BLUE PLAID.

another. It is the fancy of the moment to clasp the trimmings with jewels of all descriptions, with the additions of beetles and dragon-flies in the same jeweled effects. These at present are expensive, but a little later on will be so cheaply imitated as to go the ways of all such "rages." There seems to be no regularity in shapes; in fact, the more irregular they are the better. A hat of bright violet coarse straw is open at the front with a huge bow of deep violet velvet to rest on the hair, while just at the back, on the crown, nestle two purple-tinted roses. Another "delicious" hat of violet straw has a wreath of violets around the back, interspersed with clumps of most natural-looking leaves, this terminating at each side of the front with pale-pink velvet rosettes. One of the fancies of the moment in the way of trimmings is for two erect bunches of grass, flowers, tips, aigrettes, or whatever may be the selection, placed on either side of the centre at the back. In fact, the trimming must be balanced, and if a rosette is placed on one side it must be duplicated on the other. A bonnet of Tuscan straw has bunches of cherries set all the way round the brim, and in the front a bow of violet velvet and a cluster of white cherry-blossoms. Some hats which are destined to deck the heads of four bridesmaids at an Easter-tide wedding are made of green chip in a flat shape, and wreathed with yellow roses and violets. A decided novelty is a hat of green Panama with a bow of accordion-pleated mirror velvet, and an erect lace knot in the centre. Many of the wide-brimmed hats have a fall of lace around their edge, but to wear this appropriately two requirements are most essential—youth and beauty.

## ODDS AND ENDS OF FASHION.

A novelty introduced at recent London drawing-rooms are real butterflies, carefully preserved, and poised upon the floral decorations here and there about the apartment.

The returning wave of early-century incongruity threatens to bring a revival of the pendent earring. It was ever a distorting fashion, and one we had hoped the common sense of the *fin de siècle* woman had stamped out forever. Such hope is near banishment by an inspection of the few examples of large ear-rings exhibited by our leading jewelers.

During a day's flitting from shop to shop in search of novelties, one may discover many pretty things even in a cursory way. Noticeably, a plenitude of dainty Marie Antoinette fichus, much befrilled, and in white and colored lisse. Bunches of blue velvet violets. Chenille-spotted veils with borders, and Russian net veils without them. Real-lace barbes, rather narrow, to be worn around the throat and tied in a bow at the back, with a *décolleté* bodice. A return of the pretty mother-of-pearl in all sorts of fancy things. Girdles of artificial flowers and a large variety of sashes.

ELLA STARR.

## A Child Knows

the Comfort, Luxury and Healthfulness of a

FERRIS' GOOD SENSE CORSET WAIST.



MODERN Ideas of HEALTHFUL Dress are PERFECTED in this WAIST.

Worn by over a million Mothers, Misses and Children. Buttons at front instead of clasps. Clasp Buckle at hip for hose supporters. Tape fastened buttons—won't pull off. Cold edge button holes—won't wear out. All sizes; all shapes. Full or slim bust; long or short waists. Sold by all Leading Retailers. Send for Circular. Marshall Field & Co., Western Wholesale Depot. FERRIS BROS. Manufacturers and Patentees, 341 Broadway, New York.

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GOFF'S BRAID

Is the best made. At any Store;

Only a Nickel more Than asked for the poor.

Any one not finding Goff's Braid on sale in desired shade, send the name of the house that could not supply you and four 2-cent stamps, and we will send a sample roll of any color wanted to your address prepaid.

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Why not use the Best Dress-Stay made?

It does away with all wrinkling at the seams, and insures a much better fit.

There is but one best, and that is DR. WARNER'S CORALINE DRESS-STAY. They are lighter and more flexible than whalebone and are absolutely unbreakable, while they cost but little more than steel or French Horn.

Put up in yard lengths the same as whalebone, and also muslin covered, 6 to 10 inches long.

Sample dozen for one dress, by mail, 25 cents. Sold by leading merchants.

Warner Bros.,

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HON. THEODORE RUNYON, MINISTER TO GERMANY.



HON. PATRICK A. COLLINS, CONSUL-GENERAL AT LONDON.



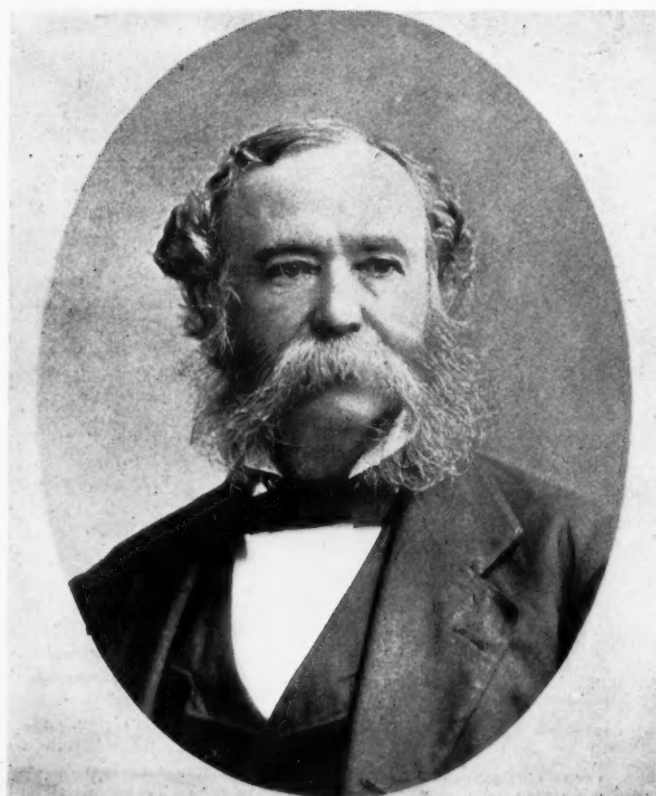
HON. ISAAC P. GRAY, MINISTER TO MEXICO.



SAMUEL E. MORSS, CONSUL-GENERAL AT PARIS.



JOHN E. RISLEY, MINISTER TO DENMARK.



HON. WADE HAMPTON, COMMISSIONER OF RAILROADS.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CIVIL SERVICE—PORTRAITS OF RECENT FEDERAL APPOINTEES.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY BELL, TEUSH, STEFFENS, AND RUSCHHAUPT.  
[SEE PAGE 219.]





MR. LINCOLN, THE AMERICAN MINISTER, RESPONDING TO A TOAST AT THE BANQUET ON BOARD THE AMERICAN "LINER" "NEW YORK," AT SOUTHAMPTON.

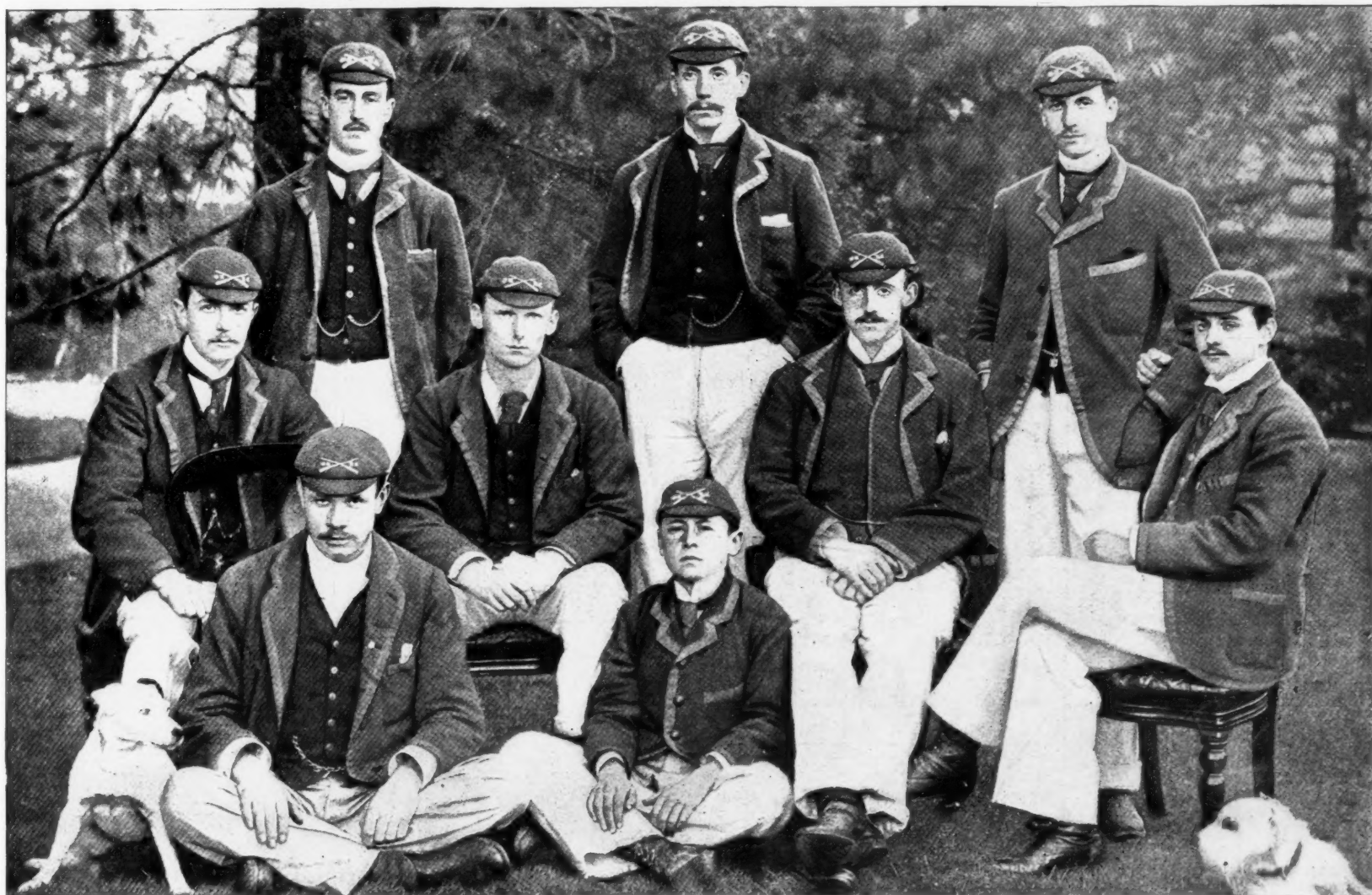
M. E. Pilkington (stroke).

H. Legge.



LOADING THE ONE-HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-THREE-TON KRUPP GUN AT HAMBURG, GERMANY.

J. A. Morrison.



C. M. Pitman.

V. Nickalls.

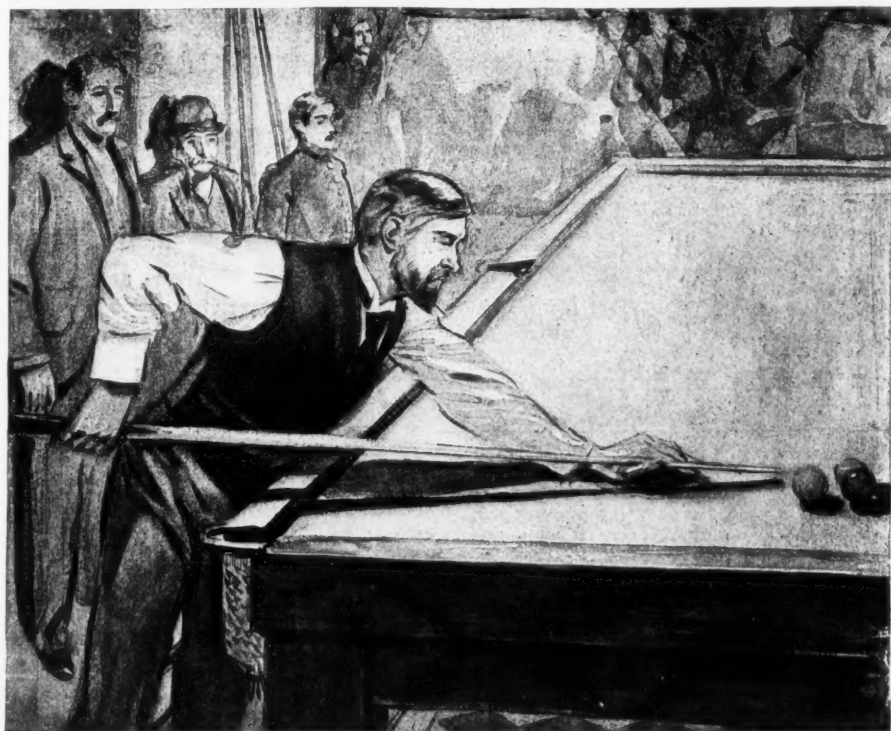
J. A. Ford.

A. B. Portman (cox.).

W. A. L. Fletcher.

H. B. Cotton (bow).

THE WINNING CREW IN THE RECENT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.



JOHN ROBERTS MAKING A 737-BREAK IN THE RECENT GREAT BILLIARD MATCH IN LONDON.



MME. COTTU TESTIFYING IN THE PANAMA CANAL CASE.



## INSURANCE FOR MILLIONS. A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION.

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association begins the thirteenth year of its unblemished existence richer, more prosperous, and more popular than ever before. Few, if any, organizations of its kind have grown and spread among all classes as it has. This is in the main due to the soundness of the business policy upon which it is based, and the wisdom, fidelity, and unswerving honesty of its officials.

The twelfth annual report shows clearly the gigantic proportions of the association, as well as the enormous business faithfully transacted by it. Its total income in 1902 was \$4,067,343.00. Its total resources were \$7,481,670.14. In the past year it paid out in death losses no less than \$2,702,347.02, while it had on hand at the beginning of the present year \$3,690,592.76.

Its total assets are \$4,785,286.06, while the total liabilities are but \$1,737,082.37, leaving in its vaults a net surplus over all liabilities of \$3,048,203.69. No less than 15,314 policies were written in 1902, and the policies in force at the beginning of the present year numbered 73,342, covering \$296,421,790.

Among its officers, who are widely known and highly respected in financial circles, are: E. B. Harper, president; O. D. Baldwin, vice president; H. J. Reimund, second vice president; J. D. Wells, third vice president; F. A. Burnham, counsel; John W. Vrooman, treasurer; E. F. Phelps, general supervisor and inspector; and G. R. McChesney, comptroller. It has branches not only in almost every town in the United States, but in Great Britain, France, and Germany as well.

### EXCURSIONS TO WASHINGTON.

PERSONALLY conducted tours to Washington have been arranged via Royal Blue Line, to be run at frequent intervals from New York and Philadelphia to Washington. The next excursion will be on April 6th. For programme, describing these tours, write to Thomas Cook & Son, Agents B. & O. R. R., 261 and 1225 Broadway, New York, or 332 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

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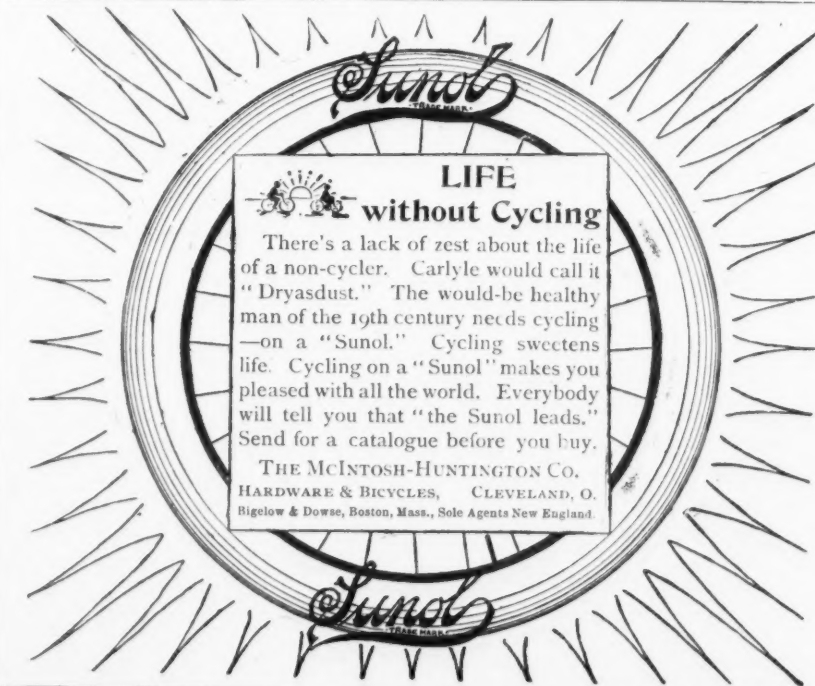


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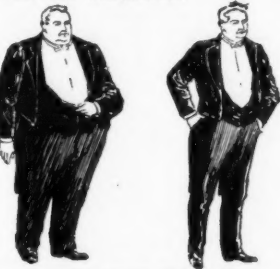
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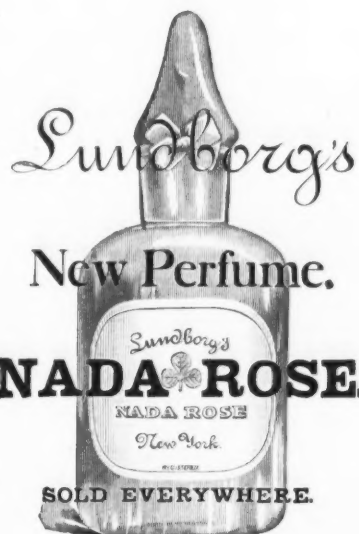
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